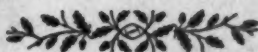
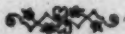


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MUSICAL REVIEW.



EDITED BY
HENRY HILES, Mus.D.



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THE
Quarterly Musical Review.

A STRANGER'S VISIT.

XII.

IT would have been well if Margery's farewell to Hunyady could have been really spoken on the night of the recital. The time that followed was difficult and trying. The hours seemed swift and slow; they hurried on to that dreaded point in the near future, and yet dragged along in a round of commonplace. And with the grudging sense of their speed was the galling knowledge that they were useless after all; that nothing could be done to alter what was inevitable; that it was only possible to wait for the last "Good-bye" to be said.

In the end Margery chose that that "Good-bye" should be delayed to the last minute, and should be said in public. A large party collected at the railway station to watch Hunyady's departure from Coalburn, which was made up of those who knew him well and would see the last of him, and those who knew him little and came from curiosity. Dr. Wallis was not amongst them, though his interest in the great pianist was at least as warm and genuine as that of any of his Coalburn friends, who now took the last pains to show it. But his was not the nature that loves to play on the surface, to coquet with emotion, or make a pleasing outward demonstration of the feelings that lie below. But in the little crowd assembled on the platform he was not missed. Mrs. Brandon was there, upon Hunyady's own persuasions, and Margery had come with her, seeking security in numbers. Willie had followed his father, for his boyish ardour had been kindled by the great musician's presence; and Edgar Brandon, even, was on the outskirts of the group, drawn thither by an attraction he could not have explained. Mr. Askew was there, smiling and radiant, and the Miss Atkinsons, who professed to have come

to the station on another errand, and to have just lingered for a glimpse of their friends. The journalist carried in his hand a huge bouquet, which in its stiffness betrayed the skill of the professional florist; and as he stood between Margery and Janey Atkinson, he confessed laughingly that he was in a difficulty.

"This bouquet is for Hunyady, but which of you two will deliver it? Miss Atkinson would do it with all the grace in the world, I am sure"—he shot a glance at Margery's pretty, plump friend that seemed to assure her of his exclusive personal devotion—"but then Miss Brandon knows him so well. Perhaps *she* would express better the message the flowers are meant to carry."

"Oh, I won't give them," Janey hastened to protest. "It would look so—so very particular, you know."

"But why not give them yourself, Mr. Askew," Margery asked, with an attempt after a smile, "since they are yours?"

"You don't think that, surely, Miss Brandon? No, if they were mine, I should not ask you to hand them on, even to the hero of the occasion. They were given to me by some ladies who—so they express it—had the felicity to hear Hunyady play the other evening, and venture to send him this tribute of their admiration. Will you undertake to represent them and your sex, and offer this to the great man who has robbed all the rest of us of our dues?"

Margery liked neither the speech nor the sentiment.

"Thank you, but I would rather not," she coldly said. "Janey would do it better." And Janey accepted the office with little persuasion.

To Margery, as she stood sad-eyed and almost silent, this gay chatter seemed cruel and incongruous. It was a strange leave-taking, indeed, that bore the guise of merry-making. It was a tragedy hidden under trivialities, with the laughter of friends around; and to it a sordid background of a railway station, with its shrieking engines, lines of trains, and moving groups of people. And perhaps the pain of it was harder to be borne without relief of expression, in the absence of that elevation of mood which passionate and willing surrender or renunciation may bring. She was simply carried on by the force of circumstances, and the misery of it she must bear in silence.

Presently Hunyady came up with her father, and then there followed a lively scene of adieux, of bowing, and hand-shaking. The foreigner surprised his staid hostess by kissing her on both cheeks, and he spoke some warm and graceful words about his stay in her house; and even

tempered Mrs. Brandon was surprised to feel herself grieved for the moment to part with him. He shook hands with those he knew well, and received the bouquet smilingly. He noticed and greeted each one of the group, even Edgar Brandon, saying that he would be glad to be of use to him in any way he could ; only Margery, who had fallen a little behind, he missed in word and glance. He had replaced the hat he had held in his hand for the last few minutes, had turned and taken a few steps towards the carriage door, when he returned, and came to the spot where she stood. The attention of the rest was a little diverted from him now, and he shielded Margery from their looks.

"Good-bye," she said, laying her hand in his.

"Nein ; auf wiedersehen," he said in his own tongue. "For, after all, fate is not so cruel that it can rob me of you for ever."

Perhaps the pain in the girl's face as she mutely looked at him tempted him ; he bent his head, and spoke again hurriedly.

"Listen, Marie : leave not everything to fate. Your father is coming for his next vacation to Vienna ; I have arranged to meet him there. Promise me that you will come with him."

A look of terror and regret flashed into Margery's eyes.

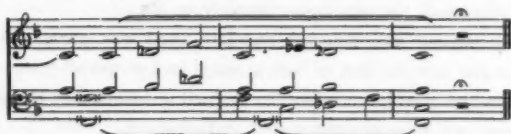
"No," she cried, and shook her hand from his.

Then he turned and without another word was gone. A second or two later she saw the last of that strange and powerful face, as it was bent towards the carriage window in a final salutation to the group on the platform ; and then the train shot out of sight.

"Well, Mrs. Brandon," the journalist exclaimed in gay tones, as he replaced in his pocket the handkerchief he had just been fluttering, "you have made his stay too pleasant for him. It strikes me that he does not leave Coalburn a happy man."

For the next few minutes a blank despair fell upon Margery. She knew nothing of what was going on about her ; and her only sensation was that her life was shipwrecked. It was Edgar, who had stood and watched her, who came to her rescue then, and helped her with a true consideration. He asked her quietly to come with him, and he led her away from the busy talkers who were preparing to disperse, to the Old Church that stood not far away. He had organ practice there, he said, if she would like to stay with him awhile ; and he left her in the solitude of the big quiet place while he scrambled up into the organ-loft. And there alone, except for the solemn music, she lived through the next few hours ; while he went on, not with pedal studies or fugues, but with all

the music that he could think of that might appeal to her mind or influence it; choosing such pieces as Beethoven's *Largo appassionato* in D from his pianoforte sonata, with its note of "trouble and deep heaviness" through which the cry of faith sometimes breaks; and lighting later by a strange intuition on Steggall's anthem for choir, "Remember now," the solo of which he gave with the vox humana stop. She did not sob or weep there in the loneliness, as perhaps he thought she would; she sat in a shady corner of the choir, with a still white face, and eyes fixed in an upward look that went beyond the coloured legend in glass before her,—beyond pictured conventionalities and fallacies, out to the great unanswerable questions of life, with its pain and its powerlessness. And in that hour, when her heart seemed torn asunder, and existence void, and nothing availed or helped, perhaps God's voice spoke to her through music, as it could have done through no other medium. It was through music her heart of joy had soared like a lark; and now music might teach her how to grieve aright. The first thing of which she was conscious outside herself was of something that seemed to be repeating the cry of her own heart, and that brought with it a thrill of recollection. Then with the passage that re-introduced the words, "I have no pleasure



in them" given with the minor sixth and seventh of the key, the scene came back to her in which she had heard it last; when she had stood with Hunyady in the church, a happy glad girl, and across her joy had fallen the presentiment of this hour, the creeping insinuation that life after all was made up of difficulties and relinquished desires, and not of pleasure and fulfilment. Ah! they had come to her, those days of which she must say, "I have no pleasure in them"; and how bitter they were!

She fell upon her knees, with a sudden access of feeling, and covered her face with her hands. She listened for the sombre voice of the preacher as he cried in the harmonic setting, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity," and this time it was not fear that shook her, for the worst had come. She looked up when the phrase of exhortation, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," was repeated in tones of chastened sorrow and hope; and her mind lay still and quiet while the final chord was held. Yes! she too would seek that spirit of good that fills all

things and heals all things,—even sorrow and travail of the human heart by death, if not by forgetfulness; she would try to find its bearing upon her own existence. And though she felt as one who enters a cave, straight from broad day, and gropes in darkness, she must presently see more light: in the softened twilight of her walk she might creep on perhaps without fall or bleeding bruise. It was the brightness of the hope and confidence she had left behind her that made the darkness seem so thick. And yet she would not regret her old joy, even now, when nothing was left of it but an aching sorrow. She would regret nothing; not even that last moment (that she tried resolutely to shut out from consideration), with its qualm of disappointment that had drowned temptation. It would be good to know, in the gloom of the future, that there was a region somewhere so bright, a space of free and sunny thought; where the mind hovered like a winged bird over blossoming flowers of imagination and song; where genius and music dwell supreme, and, like the sunlight, made all the world golden; and where she—yes! even she—had spread her wings a little while.

But that was gone. And the voice of help and admonition held her fast, in spite of those waves of trouble that kept surging back; and it remained dominant at the last. It was a long time later, when the service of evensong was over, that she left the church, and found Edgar waiting for her, in steadfast patience, outside the porch. Her face was sad, but there was courage in its sadness; the misery in her eyes was no longer blind, but seeing. She laid her hand in her cousin's with something like a smile, as she thanked and left him; and then went on her way to meet the problem of her altered life.

EPILOGUE.

It is, perhaps, the saddest thought of our youth,—that there is no continuity in life—which becomes in age our greatest consolation. Though we find that joy cannot last at its glow, that happiness fades even as we hold it, we learn, too, that sorrow and sadness pass away. We can no more continually mourn, if we are fitly and healthfully made, than we can continually rejoice.

Hunyady passed out of Margery Brandon's outward life when his fateful visit to Coalburn came to an end, and with it our story; but they met again in later years.

It was one evening five years after, when the pianist was making a brief professional stay in Berlin, that he climbed the stairs of a house in

one of the principal streets, to the flat occupied by Professor Jüngling. It was open night with the esteemed teacher and trainer of operatic vocalists, and his rooms were crowded. Many of his present pupils were there, besides pupils of past time, who now graced the stage; and there were *virtuosi* of all classes who came to meet here all that was worth meeting in the musical world of the Prussian capital. Hunyady had scarcely appeared in the doorway of the first and smaller room before he was accosted by friends of old, and drawn within a knot of animated talkers. There was music going on in the farther room, but it was little attended to beyond the immediate circle of listeners; conversation in the little room was busy and sprightly, and it was not easy either to see or to hear far amongst the groups. It was after a pause in the music, when the singing began afresh, that Hunyady turned his head quickly as if struck by something the others did not notice. He continued his laughter and chat with the men about him; but shortly after he found occasion to leave them, and he passed under the heavily-draped *portière* into the room beyond. The grand piano stood at the far end of it, and was so blocked out by standing people that he could not distinguish the vocalist. He paused, however, to listen. The song was an old operatic masterpiece, belonging to that era when the Italian school was yet in its pride. It was an attempt to sustain the traditions of that school—built up upon a race of artificial men *soprani*—by the natural voice of women; and demanded, in its compass and difficulty, a systematic education that could only be borne by the finest organs. As Hunyady listened to this voice, trilling its divisions with an almost mechanical ease, with the grace of long cultivation, he was strangely reminded of another, heard long ago, pure and simple in tone, and fervid in expression. There was feeling, too, in this performance, below the fireworks of simulated passion, the rockets of vocalisation that partly hid it. A scene came back to him, very different from this: an English parlour, a girl seated at a piano whose face he could not see, a fresh voice trolling to his own music—

"Mein zärtliches Geheimnis
Weiss schon der ganz Wald."

Ah! had he really known it, that secret of hers? Though voices might have an illusory resemblance, could any other singer have eyes like hers?

He turned and sought out the host; but Professor Jüngling was at that moment exchanging compliments with a stout prima donna of the Royal Opera House, and it was some minutes before his attention could be gained.

"Who have you there, singing within?" he then inquired. "A pupil?"

The singing-master turned to him with a reduction of facial smiling force, and seized him genially by the button-hole.

"Ach! She!" he exclaimed, with a gesture of strong disapproval, "she is an Engländerin. See, my friend, what a shocking fate is the teacher's, the man who expends all his talents upon others and must look to them for results. That girl, now, she came to me four years ago. Her voice, though of excellent quality, was absolutely untrained. I asked her how she meant to use it—for your *dilettanti* I absolutely abhor, and have renounced long since. She said she would put herself in my hands, would be as great as I could make her, and take any career as a vocalist for which I thought she was fitted. I told her sharply she was a long way off that, but she began very obediently to work. Well! for four years I have spent my best efforts upon her; I have been as anxious for her success as she; I have been more ambitious for her future than she. And, now, what is the end of it all? When her education is almost completed, and her voice has proved equal to the strain and continued to expand, when she is ready to take a place amongst the leading singers of Europe, then she comes to me meekly and says she will give up her career as a singer, she will return to her home in England!"

"What reason does she give for the change?" Hunyady asked with manifest interest.

But he got no answer. Another guest came up at the moment, and the lively little professor's talk was diverted to another topic. So he left him, and strolled through the groups towards the end of the large room where the piano was placed. The singing had ceased, and whither the singer had vanished he could not say. Then, as he moved forward, a little party of people in front of him suddenly dispersed, and he saw a girl seated in a recess beyond, talking with a young violin *virtuoso*, who had already made a name for himself. He was right: it was Margery Brandon, the sweet English girl with the speaking eyes, now far from any scene with which he had connected her. As he walked towards her, he was surprised at the force of the memories her face called up. That little episode, that had promised so much and meant so little, that had been so tender and so fleeting, had it any real significance after all? Was it more than the touching of an emotional artistic temperament, that finds its food in many objects?

He thought of her as he had seen her last, pale and sad-eyed; and

that thrill of the heart that every man feels in looking in the face of the woman who grieves for him came back to him. She was changed, it was true. The extreme youthfulness had gone from manner and look; the old diffidence had settled into a steadfast gentleness. What beauty she possessed of face and feature was more apparent, and her abundant hair was becomingly dressed. She still fell short of that difficult standard, a beautiful woman; but her looks, uniting both confidence in the interlocutor and reserve of inward feeling, were of that moving and expressive type that are best termed noble.

When she caught sight of Hunyady a swift red flew over cheeks and brow, and the gravity of her eyes deepened. She waited for his approach, and then made a little courtesy, full of grace and respect. But he put out his hand, and said, in her own tongue, "I knew you once in England, mein Fräulein," and she laid hers in it for a second.

"That was a long time ago," she answered, with the smiling reserve that years had given to her.

"And yet when I hear your voice it seems not a week."

It was indeed a strange thing to stand looking at each other with the mists of five years breaking up. Margery turned her head, and saw that the young violinist had left them. Then she asked, because it was something to say, "Then did you hear me sing?"

"Yes; and though I thought I was listening to a prima donna, I recognised the voice, and was impelled to come and look for you. It is difficult to think of you in such changed circumstances. You are a great singer now."

"A singer without a name is never great."

"That will soon come. You did not tell me in those days when you sang my music with true inspiration, that you intended to use your voice in earnest."

"I did not then. And I think," she added, with another smile, "that I owe the idea to you. It was your kind encouragement that first gave me any confidence in my power of voice."

"Ah! then you have rewarded me badly. You have left it to chance that I should meet you, and find it out for myself. I learn the fact when you are already an accomplished vocalist."

She did not answer, and her expression was more reserved. Perhaps he did not notice it, for he went on with some ardour of voice—

"At least, I have found you before you have made your *début*, Fräulein Brandon. Let your first public triumph be in a work of mine.

It was you who first sang the songs of Bertha in my latest opera —, and I have never since heard them sung with such 'innigkeit,' such subjectivity of feeling. It is a strange coincidence, but do you know it?—that opera is to be performed here next week. Take the rôle of Bertha—I will warrant that Frau Sieger, who is cast for it, shall fall sick for the occasion—and make of it what you like. It was you who inspired it; let me see you play it before the world, and win your laurels in it."

The girl had looked at him with a visible brightening of the eyes, but then she dropped them, and some colour crept into her cheeks. Whatever caused her embarrassment, her tone was constrained as she replied—

"You do me great honour. But it is impossible for me to accept your offer."

He paused, somewhat amazed; he was enough of a great man not to feel accustomed to checks. Possibly, he resolved the doubt satisfactorily in his mind, for when he began again, it was in a more guarded tone, and not immediately to the point.

"You have heard that opera performed?"

"No; I wish to hear it very much."

"But you knew it was a success?"

"Oh yes, I read all about it when it first came out, while I was still in England."

"It is, as I thought it would be when I began it, my greatest work. That quiet time in England that my accident procured for me, with other influences, gave me all that I wanted, and that I never before enjoyed for composition. And it was not an artistic gain alone. I don't know that it has made me famous," he smiled with a confidence that need not assert itself, "but it has brought me money, and assured my future position."

"I am glad."

"Time has brought alterations in my life as well as in yours, in the years since we parted. Some are too trifling to tell you of, and all are not for the better. But I am a freer man than when I knew you. An old tie that fettered me is broken."

She looked at him with deepening gravity. "Yes?"

"Elizabeth Hunyady is dead."

"Oh!" She paused, quite unable to speak a conventional and unreal phrase. "Death is almost too solemn to speak of here, isn't it?" she said in a low and feeling tone. "But it need not be altogether sad to think of, for it rights the most crooked life, and—it compels us to forgive."

He did not answer, and she went on more hurriedly, "I have hoped in the past that, in whatever way, you would gain happiness as—as I have done. As the years carry us through our old griefs and entanglements, they brace us for those yet in store; and life, in spite of fretting circumstance, may become ever deeper and fuller, if not with our individual gladness, with the universal good we learn to see. Life's steps may really lead us higher, to that inward content and courage that is happiness; don't you think so?"

Her voice was earnest, and her eyes shone with a brightness that suggested tears. It was as if she wished to convey some message to him, and language hardly served her.

He was looking at her closely. "I don't know," he said abruptly, "I haven't felt so yet. You have got before me. Perhaps a real happiness—only not content—may come to me yet. Will you help me to it, Fräulein Marie?"

She fell back a step, and her earnest look vanished; she had failed.

"At least we shall see something of each other now. You will stay to hear the opera, if you take no part in it?"

"His tone was low and caressing, but hers was reserved as she answered, "I cannot, thank you. I haven't told you yet, have I? that I am giving up the stage and all thoughts of a public career? I am leaving for England the day after to-morrow."

"You can come back again."

"Hardly. In fact I—I am to be married on the day of your opera."

"So!" he said with a long-drawn utterance. Then, with an artificial smile, "May I ask who is the happy man?"

"You know him, and he is here." Hunyady abruptly turned his head and saw, standing by, a young man who must just have come up. He was conspicuously English amongst the Teutonic company, with stiff lightish hair, broad brow, and square chin. The gloomy cast of his deep-set eyes was neutralised by a frank smile. "It is my cousin, Edgar Brandon."

"Ah! I recollect him," Hunyady said with a bow, "he is to be congratulated."

"Then Margery has told you our secret?" the Englishman said with a sparkling glance that rested chiefly on Margery. "Yes, there is certainly cause to congratulate me."

"While dramatic art is to be condoned with for the loss it sustains."

"Oh, I know," Edgar remarked, with a tone of comical repentance,

"I'm absorbing more than my share, and that Margery's talent will be practically buried. But if she *will* consent to be so foolish—"

"Edgar! as if my talents would be buried. I always loved but to sing for one."

The answer struck both the men, and Edgar glanced at Hunyady.

"You will live in England, of course," the Hungarian said.

"Yes," Edgar replied, "for better or worse, we will stick to the old country. We hope to fight the good fight for music there, and win something in the cause."

"Ah! you thought once of being a musician."

"I am one, in a modest way. I have an appointment as musical professor in a large public school in England."

"And Edgar composes," Margery added. "A work of his has already been performed at one of the provincial festivals."

"I wish you success. Happiness you have, that is certain."

"Thank you," Edgar replied in a voice of some feeling.

"And how are all my kind friends in England?" Hunyady inquired, with the air of one who prepares to take his leave.

"Thank you, they were well when last I heard. My father is getting very weary of his teaching, but cannot give it up with the many claims he has. My brothers have been a great expense to him. One of them is here, Herr Hunyady, who remembers you, though you have forgotten him. It is Willie, my youngest brother."

A tall youth stood near, who had come up with Edgar. He had the good looks that belonged in general to the men of the Brandon family, with the splendid eyes of his sister.

"Wie! Willie," the pianist cried, laying his hand genially on the boy's shoulder, "my little friend of old days, who fetched and carried for me when my arm was useless. Altered, too, from the time when he was my little disciple."

He smiled, and the boy looked back at him with the old devotion, never again to die, rekindling in his eyes, that were so like other eyes of long ago. "Your disciple still, sir," he said solemnly.

It was surprising to see the affectionate look with which Hunyady regarded the stripling. "And you, too, go back to England?" he asked in some disgust.

"Oh, no," Margery answered for him, "England is far too small a place for Willie. You effectually Germanised him by your visit."

"And what is he to be?"

"A musician. Nothing else would satisfy him after you left. He had always a taste for it, and your influence carried him over a point of some reluctance, and he has been staunch ever since."

"Then my visit had some effects besides those I carried away with me?"

Edgar looked at Margery. "Very deep ones," she answered seriously, "and not on Willie alone."

"To him, at least, I need not say good-bye," Hunyady said, as he touched the girl's hand in taking leave, and bowed low, "for I will see him often again. Lebewohl, Fräulein Marie."

His words came true. The old love that had lain asleep in the lad's heart through the years of silence awoke anew, and never flagged through the closer intercourse he came to enjoy with the world's genius. It was as if some spirit had taken flight from his sister's heart to dwell in his; and when, two years later, Hunyady died, the English boy was with him.

An hour later, Margery and Edgar stood in the *speise-saal* of the *pension* where Margery had lived. The girl had thrown off hood and cloak, and stood with a contemplative air.

"Oh, I am glad I have seen him," she said in a grieving voice, "glad and sorry."

"Both, dear?"

"Yes, both, I think. Tell me, Edgar, was he always like that?"

"Like what?"

"Like what he is now."

"Just; he seems to me so agreeable, that I wonder I managed to hate him with the zeal I did."

"Memory plays us false," she said with a shake of the head. "He seemed so great, so heroic, in the old days."

"He is heroic now, in a way—at least in his achievements, and in the manner of his march through life."

"Ah! but it is different."

"Different perhaps to you, whose youthful fancy was not all fact. But if you will exalt a man to the clouds in your imagination, Margery, you can't blame him that he occasionally displays a muddy boot, where-with he actually walks this earth."

She laughed a little ruefully, and was silent. He drew her to him and put his hands on her shoulders.

"Now tell me, Madge! It was nothing more than a foolish fancy that you had, was it? A little bit of hero-worship, just as you said, dis-

played for a hero who behaved with a carelessness that was selfish and abominable."

She looked up at him with a musing light in her eyes. "Don't say that, Edgar. Whatever it was, it is gone. And—you don't mind me saying it, dear!—I wouldn't have been without it if I could. It is worth while to have seen human nature in an ideal light once in a way. It was a dream, a rapture, while it lasted: no wonder I sobbed at the waking."

"I don't believe you did sob, Margery," he objected, jealously.

"Well, metaphorically, if not actually. I did, at any rate, after that scene you made for me in the garden."

"Ah! darling, I never think of it without remorse. My jealous fooling was enough to frighten you into a feeling I believe you never had."

"Well, never mind; we won't talk about that."

"No; it shall be our last difference, as it was our first. But I was awfully sorry for Hunyady to-night."

"Sorry for him?"

"Yes; he was thunderstruck at our engagement. I am certain, Margery, he never believed you could marry anyone but himself."

"Marry Hunyady!" she cried, with a high, sweet laugh. "What nonsense! One might as well talk of marrying one of the gods of Olympus, or Beethoven himself."

"There! I knew it!" he exclaimed, in a rapture that excused the quick kisses that he gave her.

"After all," he remarked, when she had stepped back, and his feelings had subsided to a more reasonable level, "there's nothing, for happiness and marriage, like starting with a real view of things. I flatter myself you cherish no foolish illusions about me. You appreciate exactly the pictorial value of my drab-coloured hair, and you understand the obstinate nature of my temper. You even venture to criticise my harmony, and tell me that my effects are laboured. Was there ever a more satisfactory pre-matrimonial condition of things?"

She laughed again, and looked at him beamingly. "We should be safe, certainly—that is, if you cherish no illusions about me."

"Ah! that I cannot tell," he answered, doubtfully. "I sometimes wonder, Madge, if you can be so sweet really as you seem to be."

"Dear, stupid old Edgar! I wish I might deceive you always. I wish you may never, never find me out."

"I never shall," he answered, confidently.

MARY L. ARMITT.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SINGING.

A GOOD deal of light has, within the last few years, been thrown upon many points of musical training. Earnest endeavours have been made to bring our teaching into line with the improved methods followed in other branches of education ; and, although it may not yet be said that our plans have, generally, attained anything like a sufficient reformation, still so much has—in spite of the obstinately conservative clinging of some teachers to old notions and superstitions—been achieved of late that a comparison of the guidance obtainable to-day with the feeble help afforded by the ordinary masters of a single generation back must bring a strong encouragement to increased exertion and a hopeful feeling for the future.

But in no branch of musical culture has less change been made than in the management of the voice. Vocal music—while it is the purest, and in spite of some fantastic notions recently promulgated, the most ancient as well as the most popular branch of the art, or probably of any art—is, certainly not that which has, in these later days, made the most striking progress. For, while the skill of instrumentalists is so rapidly increasing that soon there will be no difficulties left for them to surmount, the ambition and perseverance of our singers seem to be less ardent and steady.

In the earlier decades of this century there were songstresses whose attainments have not yet been surpassed, and do not appear to stand in danger of eclipse. The reasons are easily discoverable.

Vocal music has, over instrumental, immense attraction for the less educated, as well as a peculiar charm for the most highly cultivated musician. Those who are incapable of appreciating the constructive skill or the artistic grasp of highly-developed works can feel the beauty of melody, especially when it is set to words giving a clue to its meaning, suggesting its sentiment, or initiating a distinct line of congruous thought and emotion : and the most advanced analyst of music need not lose the pleasure with which, in earlier life, he listened to the simple strains which first attracted his love toward the poetry of sound. All impassioned utterance rises into a kind of half-song, more or less declamatory : so that the natural language of excitement and emotion—even when

carried forward to artistic completeness—exercises upon all its magic influence and sway.

Again, in the first stages of the regular cultivation of the voice there is less mere mechanical dryness than attaches to the commencement of the study of any artificial instrument. In overcoming executive difficulties the aim of the singer is, in all stages of his career, keenly directed to the appreciation of nice distinctions of pitch and tone; whereas even the young violinist—the most favoured in this respect of all other students of music—has to measure the proportions of a string, to conquer the rigidity of the muscles of the fingers of his left hand, and to acquire freedom and consequent grace in the movement of his right arm. The thoughts of the player are partly—if not primarily—intent on muscular action, on the overcoming of physical obstacles; and are, therefore, more bent upon the mechanical difficulty than enlivened by the æsthetic charm of his work. But the action of the vocal ligaments, or of the muscles of the throat, or the depression of the tongue cannot be directly effected by a determination of the will, similar to that which causes a finger to bend or an arm to swing. The singer has very slight consciousness of the action of the organs of the voice, except through the tone resulting from that action. The easy production of a good tone is, at once, the means and the test of the wholesome and sufficient vibration of the various parts concerned in its origination. The will of the vocalist is addressed directly and entirely to the effect; and the sufficiency of the cause is thereby judged. The purity of the sound is the evidence of the removal of all obstacle to freedom of action.

The first efforts of a young vocalist demand, therefore, a critical discrimination, rather than a mechanical supervision; and, consequently, afford a pleasure which the instrumentalist—absorbed in anxiety about the attainment of exactness of intonation and other matters—does not at first himself enjoy, or cause to be diffused among his tortured hearers.

For all these reasons—and, also, because the natural musical organ was perfected by the Creator; whereas our artificial musical instruments have had to await a tardy development—it is not surprising that vocal music attained an earlier maturity, and has ever enjoyed a wider popularity, than instrumental. We are apt to be astonished by the skill with which the voice was controlled, and the perfection which unaccompanied vocal music reached, while yet the executive ingenuity of the players upon, and the constructive powers of the writers for, instruments

were in their feeble infancy. But a consideration of the reasons mentioned will show that the earlier taste for, and cultivation of, song were natural and inevitable conditions of the spread of music.

That early development could not, however, lead to entire supremacy in all points. The onward career of vocal music has limits which cannot be overstepped: whereas the ultimate extension and achievement of instrumental music may not even be guessed. Voices may not without hurt be unduly wearied. Their range and their power of sustained effort are limited; and will not endure a too extended exercise. Fortunately, their true utterances are incomparably pure and satisfying, their strength sufficient, and their range includes the best and most effective, the most characteristic and emotional, degrees of the whole musical scale. True inherent beauty and dramatic variety of tone belong only to those central pitches which are included in the vocal gamut, and are depicted on the eleven-lined staff.

The study of this fact and of its lessons is most important to all musicians. The radiation of sounds from a centre of greatest sonority into spheres of comparative vagueness and ineffectiveness is pregnant with meaning. It gives the harmonist (as it affords the tuner of an instrument) a clue to the real abode of consonant charm and richness and peace; showing where the "generation" (if I may use so frequently and grossly perverted a term) of triads really originates. And as with the great system of sounds so with each of its smaller sections. Every voice or instrument has its own strong central tones and the weaker and less resonant outer vibrations natural to its size and capacity; all governed (see page 77) by the law that far removal from the centre of musical richness must be attended by loss of efficiency. Thus each member of a choir—like every instrument in an orchestra—is made to the fullest extent useful and contributory to the general effect only when rendering such of the best sounds of its own natural register as lie within the central and richest province of the whole realm of sounds.

In respect to concerted vocal music this law holds absolute sway and demands obedience. To obtain rich, resonant, and blended (or, in the fullest sense, consonant) chords both of its conditions must be attended to, and the sounds employed must be well chosen with respect to their sonority, both as the choicest outcome of the particular voices employed and as lying within the inner circle of powerful tones, *i.e.*, within, or closely adjoining, the central two octaves of the piano keyboard. The distribution of the parts whereby a chord is enunciated or supported is,

of course, of great importance : but however well ventilated (if such an expression may be understood) the harmony may be it will not "tell" or "carry" properly unless each voice is engaged in giving one of the well-characterised notes of the gamut lying among the well-characterised sounds of its own compass.

Applying this principle to the cultivation of individual voices we notice in each voice a representation of the interior force and the outer weakness of the whole scale of musical sounds ; and, instinctively, we look to the compact central tones to give us the true character of the voice, and to enable us to judge of its worth and capabilities. Naturally produced, the speaking tones of each voice show the inherent strength of the organ. They lie in that middle range where exercise brings the slightest fatigue and involves the least exertion. Wisely, especially with weak voices, the exercise should be directed toward the lower and richer of those easy, natural tones which should, already, have acquired strength and roundness from their having for years been employed in speech. Not infrequently there is a special need of insistence upon the persistent use of low tones. There are houses in which gentleness of speech is so greatly affected that none of the voices have fair, robust play ; and the resonance proper to the younger voices is never brought out. A superficial tone is indulged in, copied by one and another, and pervades the speech of the whole family, until the quietness of the house approaches the awful stillness of an asylum for deaf and dumb people. Not infrequently, by those who, without preliminary training, undertake the guidance of vocal study, this abortion of tone is acquiesced in ; and upon such a weak foundation an attempt is made to build up the voice which has never rested properly upon its true base or penetrated to its real source of strength. And, probably, the quick result is a throat rendered delicate by a lack of proper vibratory exercise.

Occasionally a young man labours under the idea that his voice has never "broken" ; whereas the truth is that it has never been properly "set." From some reason, or unreason, his adult tones have not been produced : and he, like the amiable girl of the gentle, quiet household, wants to blow the dust and cobwebs of several years' accumulation out of his throat, and to speak out.

All early training should be adapted to strengthen the voice and all its constituents ; to breathe properly, and to produce a tone as rich and resonant as the natural sounds of its compass may be rendered.

Apart, altogether, from the mistakes just alluded to, as producing

weak voices of superficial quality, is the wilful and destructive folly that prompts young aspirants to strive after higher sounds than nature has rendered easy to them. The craze which makes a feeble tenor provoke the laugh of the audience and the wrath of the conductor by lingering upon each high note in his song, and tempts him to risk everything just that he may exhibit a wretched A or B flat from his "chest" (as he terms it) is only the maturity of that lunacy which, in its incipient stage, rendered him ambitious to raise the scale of his voice before he could truly be said to have found its true position of strength, and which ought—at whatever cost to his conceit, and at whatever risk of losing his patronage—to have been sternly rebuked by his tutor.

Vowel sounds are produced by the exercise of the voice while the mouth is open and kept still. Changes of vowels are made not so much by any greater or lesser opening, as by an alteration of the *shape* both of the aperture and of the interior of the mouth. To sing E does not require the teeth to be nearly closed, like those of the boys in a village choir. Generally, to the vowel A the best quality attainable is readily produced; and the mouth assumes that shape least obstructive to the free delivery of a pure, untainted tone. But it is not always so. Not infrequently a voice—but much oftener some trick of the vocalist—requires the vowel to be changed until some peculiarity in the formation and delivery of the sound is eradicated. The tongue may get into the way, or the nostrils be absurdly contracted or distended, or the concavity of the upper back part of the mouth exaggerated, or any one of the thousand awkwardnesses attending an attempt to perform some unaccustomed task may be indulged in ere the purest quality of the particular voice be obtained.

And a too long continued use of any one vowel-sound will be sure to cause mischief. The singer should distinctly terminate all words, in whatever section or register of the voice the pitch that accompanies them may lie. The changing of "Ah" into "Awe" or of "A" into "Ah" should not be permitted; nor the delivery of "O" from a sort of pop-gun elongation of the lips through which the shooting forth of a pea may be looked for; nor the readiness of a violent forcing of the breath through nearly-closed teeth.

The English language is by no means bad to sing; although syllables abound which end with a slightly explosive consonant requiring the tongue or lips to move rapidly. We, also, have our final "s," and our still less vocal "st," and "ts;" and the yet more delightful

agglomeration "sta." When the practice of words is commenced—and it should not be long delayed—such syllables should be carefully finished: though not with the exaggeration affected by some singers who delight in giving a prolonged hiss as the finish of half their words.

But all this every true singing master (not everyone who undertakes his responsibility) understands; and my true object in commencing this paper was to lead to the consideration of the lessons which an acquaintance with the general laws of sound, and the conditions attending the inflection of sounds, should teach the vocal student.

A good deal has been written and spoken of late about the "upper partials" of different vowels and their effect upon qualities of tone. Much of it is very true. But—as ever has been, and probably ever will be, the case—the artist works without awaiting the guidance of the scientist; pursuing a straight course to his goal, without much thought about his right to do so, and without any fear of trespassing or offending. The organist reinforces his upper partials until the tone is mixed as he requires it and his ear is satisfied. The painter mixes his colours until he reaches the tints he needs without troubling himself about the vibrational peculiarities of the various shades. And a sound is judged by the ear to be good or bad without any calculation of, or care about, those accessories which alter its clang, and modify its qualities. It is always well to know why things are as they are; and I would, by no means, discourage inquiry into the phenomena of sounds. On the contrary, I propose to inquire what those phenomena teach us in a certain very important direction. But as regards the quality of tone proper to any individual voice, and showing that voice to best advantage, the singing master never troubles himself about "upper partials"; and since the much lecturing about them began we have not had any better voices, or more accomplished singers, than of old.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN COMPOSERS AND THEIR WORKS.

A TIME like the present, when the musicians of this country are drawing into close friendship with their brother artists across the Atlantic, is a fitting one to draw attention to the state of musical composition in America. To quote the words of Mr. S. N. Penfield, in his presidential address to the Music Teachers' National Association in 1885, the performances then given were "to prove to our countrymen and to the world that it is not for naught that we have for these nearly four centuries absorbed from the Old World musical ideas, but that they have with our vigorous American growth assimilated, amalgamated, and crystallised into American art creation."

Now what do we know of American art creation? Those who closely scan the musical periodicals may glean some information of what is going on in America, but that is not enough; we want to hear and judge these things for ourselves. That was a pertinent remark in the London *Figaro* (June 23), appended to a notice of a recent performance of Dudley Buck's "Light of Asia." "We should doubtless speedily hear it in London, except that concert managers (although not concert audiences) affect to believe that America raises singers, but does not produce music." Concert managers are not easy people to deal with: they require pressure before they will leave the beaten track. Musicians must, in the near future, undertake more of this business themselves; but, until this devoutly-to-be-wished-for consummation arrives, public opinion can do something; and to aid in forming this, be it in ever so slight a degree, I place what information I have gathered on the subject of American music before the readers of this *Review*.

It would be somewhat premature to assert that there already exists a "school of American composition." As a nation, the amalgam is hardly complete enough to have developed distinct originality or local character in art. It may be true, once more to quote Mr. Penfield, "In this country, freed from the traditions and customs that in Europe hamper while they support art culture, we have the possibilities, and, I am confident, the probabilities, of a better, a higher, and a more artistic future than the Old World has ever attained, or will ever attain." This may be true, I say, although it savours slightly of tall talk. It is said that

the past is the mirror of the future, and to compare what American composers formerly did, and what they can do now, certainly favours in some degree the sanguine view just cited. I have before me some church music of, say, a quarter of a century ago, and one of the latest American publications. Allowing for the different aims of the composers, the advance is remarkable. The older works consist of ideas "absorbed" from "Jackson in F" and Verdi in his weakest moments, and even then greatly diluted in the process. The latter is an example of consummate skill in orchestration (the work is a symphony), and exhibits a complete knowledge of the modern German school. If this rate of progress be maintained during the next twenty years America will indeed be a leader in art. But some further information is desirable as to American compositions of to-day: and although I cannot speak from personal knowledge of the works hereafter mentioned, the mere enumeration may lead to investigation, to be followed by study, and eventually by the production of some of them by concert-givers in this country.

It must be confessed at the outset that the materials at my disposal are scanty. A careful search through Grove's "Dictionary" reveals exactly half-a-dozen brief sketches of American composers; for many musicians who occupy prominent positions in the States are not American-born, and, save in a very few instances, their compositions could not be regarded as representative of American art. As I have only to do with composers, musicians who have written works on theory, or didactic treatises, edited collections of hymn-tunes, and so forth, must be left unnoticed. Everyone knows, as a matter of course, that the most painstaking and complete biographer of Beethoven is an American—Mr. Alexander Wheelock Thayer; it is not so well known that the accomplished Principal of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Norwood, Dr. Francis J. Campbell, is also an American. But however tempting the subject may be, I must leave the general aspect of art for the particular branch I propose to elucidate, and draw this introduction to a close with the acknowledgement that for many particular items I am indebted to the "Biographical Dictionary of Musicians" of my friend Mr. James D. Brown, of Glasgow.

For convenient reference I shall take the names in alphabetical order; but I may mention, in passing, that America can claim some antiquity in musical compositions—that is to say, for so young a country—in the anthems and other works of WILLIAM BILLINGS (1746—1800); boasted

a school of popular song, that, whatever may now be thought of it, doubtless had its mission in the evolution of art, and was represented by the Buckleys, H. P. Danks, S. C. Foster, J. R. Thomas, and others; exhibited extraordinary activity in the production of school music, some of which in simple cantata form obtained wonderful popularity, and which will be called to mind by perusing the names of Bradbury, Root, L. O. Emerson, H. S. and W. O. Perkins, and T. F. Seward. To these I may add a namesake of my own, G. W. Stratton, who has composed many works for school use, one very pleasing operetta, "Laila," having been given in this country once at least, at a concert of the Worcester Ladies' College, in the Guildhall of that city, December 11, 1885.

The following list is compiled with the view of affording concert-givers an opportunity of drawing upon the productions of our American cousins:

- ALDEN, J. C., jun. Pianoforte pieces.
- ARENS, F. X. Symphonic fantasia, "Spring of Life and Love," orchestra.
- BECK, JOHN H. [Cleveland, Ohio. Studied at Leipzig Conservatorium.] Quartet in C minor, strings, performed at Leipzig; sextet in D minor, strings; overture, "Lara," orchestra.
- BENEDICT, MILO. [Boston, Mass.] Four concertos, pianoforte and orchestra; polonaise, and other pianoforte pieces.
- BIRD, ARTHUR. [Cambridge, Mass.; now resident in Berlin. Studied under Liszt, Urban, and other masters.] Symphony in A, orchestra; concert overture; suite for strings. All have been performed in Berlin, and have met with high approval.
- BIRD, H. D. [Chicago, born 1837.] Organ works.
- BOWMAN, EDWARD M. [Born at Barnard, Vermont, July 11, 1848. The first American Associate of the College of Organists. Originator of the American College of Musicians. Studied in Berlin and London.] Compositions chiefly for the organ.
- BRAHAM, JOHN J. [Boston.] Wrote a comic opera, entitled "Volatile and Kuno"; but I know nothing further of him, save that in 1884 he was called, in the *Musical World* (p. 347), Herr J. J. Brahms.
- BRANDEIS, FREDERIC. [Born at Vienna, 1832; pupil of Fischhof and Czerny. Went to New York at about the age of seventeen, so may fairly be regarded as American.] Trio, in G, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; barcarolle for flute and strings (including contrabass); pianoforte pieces, and songs.
- BRISTOW, GEORGE FRENCH. [Son of an English musician; born at Brooklyn, New York, Dec. 19, 1825. Conductor and teacher there.] Oratorio, "Praise to God"; grand mass; opera, "Rip van Winkle"; two symphonies; overtures, "Columbus," and others; pianoforte music, and songs.

- BROCKHOVEN, JOHN A. [Conductor of Philharmonic Orchestra, Cincinnati.] Suite Creole, for orchestra.
- BROWN, O. B. [Malden, Mass.] Scherzo in C minor, op. 12, orchestra.
- BUCK, DUDLEY. [Born at Hartford, Conn., March 10, 1839. Studied at Leipzig, 1858; afterwards at Dresden. Resided in Paris, 1861-2; returned to U.S. 1862. Resident in Brooklyn. Conductor, organist, and one of the most distinguished of American composers.] As a mere enumeration of Dudley Buck's compositions would fill a page of this review, the reader is referred for details to Brown's "Dictionary." Cantatas: "The Golden Legend" (which gained the Cincinnati prize, 1880); "The Legend of Don Munio"; "The Centennial Meditation of Columbia"; "The Light of Asia" (first complete performance Newark, U.S., May 31, 1888. See the *Musical Times* for July); and several others. A comic opera, "Deseret," produced at New York, 1880. Symphonic overture, "Marmion"; festival overture, "The Star-Spangled Banner"; a vast quantity of church music; two organ sonatas, op. 22 and 77; songs, one of which, at least, is well known, "When the heart is young." Mr. Buck is also an accomplished lecturer and writer.
- BURR, WILLARD. [Born at Ravenna, Ohio, Jan. 7, 1852; studied at Berlin, 1879-80. Resident in Boston. A literary graduate, and able writer on musical topics.] Quartets, strings; trios, pianoforte and strings; sonata, pianoforte and violin; sonatas and other works for pianoforte; sacred music, anthems, and songs.
- CAPEN, C. L. [Chicago.] Gavotte, F minor, &c., pianoforte.
- CARR. Mass in C minor; Chant Mass in D; pianoforte pieces and songs.
- CHADWICK, GEORGE W. [Born at Lowell, Mass., Nov. 13, 1854. Studied under Eugene Thayer, afterwards at Leipzig and Munich. Returned to America in 1880. Resident in Boston.] Symphonies: No. 1, in C; No. 2, in B flat, op. 21. Overture to an imaginary comedy, "Thalia"; overture, "Rip van Winkle"; string quartets in G minor and C; trio in C minor; ballad, "The Viking's last Voyage," male chorus and orchestra; Dedication Ode, solo and chorus; pianoforte pieces; songs, "Thou art like a flower," "He loves me," &c.
- CLARKE, HUGH A. Chant *Te Deum*; anthems, &c.
- CORNELL, J. H. Organ and church music; part-songs and songs.
- DANA, WILLIAM HENRY. [Born at Warren, Ohio, June 10, 1846. Studied at Berlin, and R. A. M., London. Resident at Warren. One of the founders of the M. T. N. A.] "De Profundis," for soli, chorus and orchestra; motets, songs, and pianoforte pieces. [DANA, HENSHAW, died at Worcester, U.S., Feb. 5, 1883, was a pianist and composer, but I have no precise knowledge of any work of his.]
- DULOKEN, FERDINAND Q. "Messe Solennelle" (presumably for solo, chorus, and orchestra or organ).
- EDDY, CLARENCE. [Born at Greenfield, Mass., June 23, 1851. Pupil of J. G. Wilson and Dudley Buck; afterwards studied at Berlin.

- Organist and conductor, Chicago.] Preludes, fugues, canons, &c., for organ; church music; songs, &c.
- EMERY, STEPHEN ALBERT. [Born at Paris, Maine, Oct. 4, 1841. Studied at Leipzig and Dresden. One of the editors of the Boston *Musical Herald*; lecturer and professor of harmony and composition, New England Cons. of Music, Boston.] String quartets; sonatas, studies, and other compositions for pianoforte; songs and part-songs.
- FLOERSHEIM, OTTO. [New York. Pupil of Ferd. Hiller.] For orchestra: "Alla Marcia," "Consolation"; concert prelude and fugue, pianoforte; songs, "Rest on me, dark eye of beauty," &c.
- FOERSTER, A. M. "Thusnelda," characteristic piece for orchestra, op. 10; song, "The Mists," &c.
- FOOTE, ARTHUR. [Boston, Mass.] Overture, "In the Mountains,"; trio in C minor, pianoforte and strings; Suite, op. 15, pianoforte; songs, "When icicles hang on the wall," "Go lovely rose," &c. I believe the trio was performed in London about a year ago, but cannot fix the date, my reference books being in arrears.
- FRY, WILLIAM H. [Born in Philadelphia, 1813. Died at Santo Cruz, 1864.] Operas, "Leonora," 1858; "Notre Dame de Paris," 1864; Stabat Mater; orchestral and pianoforte music, cantatas, songs.
- GILCHRIST, THOMAS. Ps. 46, for chorus and orchestra. Gained the Cincinnati prize (\$1,000), 1882.
- GILCHRIST, WILLIAM WALLACE. [Born at Jersey City, Jan. 8, 1846.] Ballade, "The Rose," for chorus and orchestra; choral music and songs.
- GLEASON, FREDERIC GRANT. [Born at Middletown, Conn., Dec. 17, 1848. Pupil of Dudley Buck; afterwards studied at Leipzig, Berlin, and London. Resident in Chicago as professor of pianoforte, organ, and composition.] Oratorio, "Christus"; operas, "Otho Visconti," op. 7, "Montezuma"; symphony-cantata, and cantata for soli, chorus, and orchestra; trios for pianoforte and strings, op. 9, 13, 14; sonata, op. 2, and overture, op. 11, for organ; church service-music, songs, and pianoforte pieces.
- GOMEZ, A. CARLOS. [Of Portuguese family; born at Compinos, Brazil, July 11, 1839. Studied at Milan.] Operas, "Il Guarany," 1870; "Fosca," 1873; "Salvator Rosa," 1874; "Lo Schiavon," completed 1884.
- GOTTSCHALK, LOUIS MOREAU. [Born at New Orleans, May 8, 1829. Studied under Charles Halle and Camille Stamatz in Paris. Died at Rio Janeiro, Dec. 18, 1869.] Gottschalk has been considered America's first great artist. His pianoforte works are too numerous to mention here, and many are well known. He composed a symphony, "La Nuit des Tropiques"; an overture, opera, cantata, and a mass. See his "Notes of a Pianist," London: Lippincott and Co., 1881.
- HEIMENDAHL, E. Intermezzo, orchestra.

- HEWETT, JOHN H. [Born in New York, 1801.] Oratorios, operas, and songs. I have found no particulars of the works of this composer.
- HOPKINS, E. JEROME. [Born at Burlington, Vermont, 1836. Son of the Bishop of Vermont. He was not originally intended for the profession of music, in which art he is self-instructed. He has undertaken many musical tours, and founded Orphéon Associations in twelve cities in America. At the present time Mr. Hopkins is on a visit to this country.] Oratorio, "Samuel"; opera, "Dumb Love"; children's opera, "Taffy and Munch"; dramatic trio in D minor, for pianoforte and strings; "Jeu d'Esprit" for *three*, and "Caprice di bravura" for *five* pianofortes! Church music, including "Festival vespers" for boy choir, two chorus choirs, echo choir, soli, two organs and harp; pianoforte pieces and songs.
- HOWARD, JOHN. [Born at Boston, Mass., 1839. Studied at Leipzig, 1866-7. Organist and teacher in New York.] Known more as a writer on the voice than as a composer. Has published songs, "O, Sweet Wild Roses"; "Hear the Maid at Twilight Sighing," &c.
- HUSS, HEINRICH H. [Pupil of Rheinberger, Munich. Pianist and organist.] Rhapsody in C minor, pianoforte and orchestra.
- JACKSON, SAMUEL. [Died at Brooklyn, N.Y., July 27, 1885.] Composed church music, choral and other songs, &c.; but is best known as having introduced Minnie Hauk to public notice.
- JOHNS, CLAYTON. Songs, "An Old Love-song," "Einsame Liebe," &c.
- KELLEY, EDGAR S. [Born at Sparta, Wisconsin, April 24, 1857. Studied under F. W. Merriam, Clarence Eddy, and others, afterwards proceeding to Stuttgart. Resident at San Francisco.] Music to "Macbeth," first part, "The Defeat of Macbeth," completed 1882, the whole work brought out at Chicago in 1885. Overture, and other compositions for orchestra.
- KING, MRS. JULIE RIVÉ. [Born at Cincinnati, 1856. After receiving elementary instruction from her mother, studied under Wm. Mason and others at New York; later on visiting Europe and eventually receiving lessons from Liszt at Weimar. Resident at New York.] One of the few women composers of whom America can boast. Her compositions are for the pianoforte, and are spoken of as highly meritorious.
- KLEIN, BRUNO OSCAR. [New York.] "Dialogue" for orchestra; sonata, pianoforte and violin, Op. 25; Ballade (baritone solo), "The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar," &c.
- LANG, BENJAMIN J. [Born at Salem, Mass., 1840. Pupil of Moritz Hauptmann, Liszt, and others. Pianist, organist, and conductor, Boston.] Compositions for pianoforte, songs, &c. Mr. Lang has performed, for the first time, in the U.S. many works of J. S. Bach, and took an active part in the Bach Commemoration, 1885, held at Boston.

LAVALLÉE, CALIXA. [Born at Vercheres, Lower Canada, 1842. Studied in Paris, under A. F. Marmontel and Boieldieu *fil.* Resident in Boston.] Oratorio, "Solomon"; operas, "La Veuve," "T and Q"; cantata (for the reception of the Princess Louise at Quebec, 1878); offertory, for soprano and bass soli, chorus, and orchestra; symphony, string quartets, pianoforte pieces, and songs.

Mr. Lavallée's work in connection with the M. T. N. A. is known to many musicians here; and his visit to our National Society in January last is fraught with consequences hardly to be estimated at the present time. I must not, however, further digress from my work of compilation.

LYNES, F. Songs, "A Maiden Fair," "Over the Mountains," "Du hübsches Kind von Heideiland."

MACDOWELL, E. A. [New York; resident in Germany.] "Hamlet," "Ophelia," two poems for orchestra, op. 22; concerto in A minor, op. 15, pianoforte and orchestra; modern suite for pianoforte, op. 10, do. No. 2, op. 14. A concert of his works alone was given at the Detroit Conservatoire of Music, May 23, 1888.

MCSWINEY, PAUL. Born at Cork, Ireland; is the conductor of the New York Branch of the "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language"; he has composed a Gaelic Idyll, "Au Bard 'Gus au Fo," produced at New York, Dec. 28, 1884.

MASON, LOWELL. [Born at Medfield, Mass., Jan. 8, 1792; died at Orange, New Jersey, Aug. 11, 1872. The first to receive the American degree of Mus.Doc., New York, 1835.] Known more for his great work in organising and founding classes and conventions of music teachers, than for musical composition. A complete list of his compilations of school song-books, &c., may be found in Brown's Dictionary (p. 417), and an interesting sketch of his life in Grove II., 225.

MASON, WILLIAM. [Son of preceding, born at Boston, 1828. Studied under his father, and at Leipzig, Prague, and Weimar (under Liszt). Well known as a pianist and teacher in New York.] Pieces for pianoforte.

MAYER, AMANDA. A piece for orchestra, entitled "Schwedisch," was performed at New York, in 1886, but I am not sure that the composer (a lady?) is an American.

MOLLENHEUR, EDWARD. [New York.] Symphony, "The Passions," illustrative of Collins' Ode, which is read to the music in performance. It may be remembered that Spohr directed that Pfeiffer's poem, "Die Wiehe der Töne," which inspired the well-known symphony, should be recited before the performance, and which was done at least on one occasion—at Dresden 21, 1835.

MOSENTHAL, JOSEPH. [Organist in New York.] Te Deum and Jubilate in E.

MULLIGAN, W. E. [Organist in New York.] Mass.

NICHOLL, H. W. Romance Antique, orchestra.

- OTIS, PHILO A. [Graduate of the Hershey School of Music, Chicago.] Sacred Cantata, Ps. 121, for soli, chorus, and organ.
- PAINÉ, JOHN KNOWLES. [Born at Portland, Maine, Jan. 9, 1839. Pupil of Hermann Kotzschmar, of Portland; afterwards of Haupt, Wieprecht, and Teschner, in Germany. Professor of music at Harvard University.] Oratorio, "St. Peter," op. 20. "The Nativity," ode, for soli, chorus, and orchestra, composed for the Boston Festival, 1883. Mass, in D, soli, chorus, and orchestra, op. 10. Cantata composed for the Cincinnati festival: produced May 22, 1888 (the third of the kind for this festival). Music to Sophocles' "Cedipus Tyrannis." Centennial Hymn (Whittier), produced at Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876. Symphony in C Minor, op. 23; in A ("Spring"), op. 23; Symphonic Fantasia, "The Tempest." Duo concertante, violin, cello, and orchestra; Sonata, pianoforte and violin. Organ, pianoforte, and vocal music that space will not permit detailed mention of. For a critical notice of his compositions see Grove II., 632.
- PALMER, CHARLES AUSTIN. [Born at Rio Janeiro, May 6, 1840; died, 1880.] Pianoforte pieces and songs.
- PAPE, WILLIAM BARNESMORE. [Born at Mobile, Alabama, Feb. 27, 1850.] "Salon" pieces for pianoforte.
- PARKER, JAMES C. D. [Born at Boston, Mass., 1828. Studied at Leipzig. Prof. of Pianoforte and Harmony in the New England Cons. of Music, Boston.] "Redemption Hymn," a cantata for contralto solo, chorus, and orchestra; Church services; pianoforte pieces, songs, and part-songs.
- PARKER, H. W. [Gordon City, N.Y.] Ballade, op. 9, soli, chorus, and orchestra.
- PATTISON (Patterson?), JOHN NELSON. [Born at Niagara Falls, N.Y., Oct. 22, 1843. Studied at Leipzig Cons., also under Bülow and Henselt.] Symphony, "Niagara," pianoforte pieces, &c.
- PEASE, ALFRED H. [Born at Cleveland, Ohio, 1842. Studied at Berlin under Kullak and others; afterwards with Bülow. Died at St. Louis, July 13, 1882.] Composed a great many songs, chiefly of a popular character.
- PENFIELD, SMITH NEWELL. [Born at Oberlin, Ohio, April 4, 1837. Studied at Leipzig, and under Delionx at Paris. Organist and teacher in New York.] Cantata, Ps. 18, for soli, chorus, and orchestra; concert overture; anthems; organ and pianoforte pieces and songs.
- PERABO, JOHANN ERNST. [Born at Wiesbaden, Nov. 14, 1845; taken to America in 1852, and may therefore be considered a native musician. Finished his education in music at Leipzig Cons. Settled in Boston as a pianist, 1865.] Published many pianoforte pieces of an artistic character in the smaller forms, but is more celebrated as a gifted performer.

- PHELPS, E. C.** A voluminous composer. I am only able, however, to give the title of one of his works—"American Legend," op. 101, for violin and orchestra, played by M. Musin at Brooklyn, Jan. 10, 1885.
- PRATT, SILAS GAMALIEL.** [Born at Addison, Vermont, Aug. 4, 1846. Studied at Chicago and Berlin; afterwards with Liszt at Weimar. Visited London in 1885.] Opera, "Zenobia"; symphonies, No. 1, in C, op. 16; No. 2, op. 33. This last is a piece of programme music intended to illustrate some incidents in the career of the Prodigal Son, and was performed at the Crystal Palace, Oct. 10, 1885, when the overture and several vocal extracts from "Zenobia" were introduced to this country. A serenade for string, and some pianoforte pieces, including a grand Polonaise-Fantasia, with string quintet accompaniment, was performed at a concert given by the composer at Steinway Hall, London, Dec. 4, of the same year. Mr. Pratt's other works comprise a symphonic sketch, "Magdalen's Lament"; centennial overture, for chorus and orchestra, 1876; grand march for orchestra; numerous pianoforte pieces, songs, and part-songs.
- ROGERS, CLARA K.** "Rhapsody," and other songs.
- ROHDE, WILLIAM.** [Boston, Mass.] Idyll for orchestra, "In the Forest"; Fairy Dance, orchestra.
- SHELLEY, HARRY ROWE.** [Brooklyn, N.Y.] Male-voice part-songs (Chicago Apollo Club prize.)
- SHERWOOD, WILLIAM H.** [Born at Lyons, N.Y., Jan. 31, 1854. Studied at first under his father and W. Mason. Went to Berlin in 1871, and then to Stuttgart; also took lessons from the late F. Scotson Clark, in London. Married to Miss Amy Fay, the talented pianist and author of that charming book, "Music Study in Germany." Resident in Boston.] Compositions for pianoforte. I have to note a grand minuet, and other pieces for pianoforte, by E. H. Sherwood.
- SMITH, WILSON G.** Scherzo, tarantella, gavotte, op. 34, and other pianoforte pieces.
- STANLEY, ALBERT AUGUSTUS.** [Born at Manville, Rhode Island, May 25, 1851. Studied at Leipzig Cons. Organist, &c., at Providence, R.I.] Ode, "City of Freedom," Op. 9, for soli, chorus, orchestra, and organ; "Psalm of Victory," soli, chorus, and orchestra. Suite, violin and pianoforte; organ music, part-songs, &c.
- STEELE, SAM. V.** [Chicago.] Musical comedy, "Silver Rock," produced at St. Louis, June 11, 1883.
- STRONG, G. TEMPLETON.** [New York: resident in Germany.] "Marchen," orchestra; symphonic poem, "Undine," Op. 14, orchestra; symphony, "In den Bergen"; "Wie ein fahrender hornist," for chorus, solo, and orchestra; Tonstück, English horn and organ, performed at the festival of the General Association of German Musicians, held at Carlsruhe, May 29, 1885. Romance, for violin and pianoforte, Op. 23, &c. Mr. Strong's name frequently occurs in German concert programmes.

- TAPPER, THOMAS, jun. [Boston, Mass.] Suite, op. 1; courante, gigue, &c., pianoforte.
- THAYER, EUGENE. [A relative, I think, of the biographer of Beethoven.] Festival cantata; songs and part-songs.
- TUCKERMAN, SAMUEL PARKMAN. [Born at Boston, Mass., Feb. 17, 1819. Pupil of C. Zeuner; studied also in London, and visited Canterbury and other cathedral cities for the cultivation of church music. Organist at Boston, but now resident in Switzerland.] Anthems, church services, hymns, part-songs, &c.
- VAN DER STÜCKEN, FRANCK. [Born at Fredericksburgh, Texas, Oct., 1858. Studied at Antwerp Cons. Director of "Arion" Society, New York, 1884. Started the Novelty Concerts in 1885, presenting programmes of American works.] Opera, "Wlasda;" music to Shakespeare's "Tempest" (performed several times in Germany); overture to Heine's "Ratcliff;" cantata, "The Last Judgment;" *Te Deum*; the "Singers' Festival Procession;" three songs, op. 3; four songs, op. 4; nine songs, op. 5. "Jünglingsliebe," *liederkranz*.
- WALTER, WILLIAM HENRY. [Born at Newark, N.J., July 1, 1825. Organist in New York.] Mass in C; mass in F; anthems, services, chants, &c.
- WALTER, WILLIAM. [Son of preceding, born at New York, Dec. 16, 1851. Pupil of J. K. Paine and S. P. Warren. Organist in Washington.] Organ and church music (Grove IV. 381).
- WARREN, SAMUEL P. [Born at Montreal, Feb. 18, 1841. Studied the organ under G. F. Graham. At Berlin, 1861-4. Organist in New York.] Church services, anthems, and songs.
- WEST, JOHN A. [Chicago?] Cantata, "Rittle Rosebud," for soli, chorus, and orchestra, 1880.
- WHITING, ARTHUR. [Boston, Mass.] Three concert overtures for orchestra.
- WHITING, GEORGE E. [Born at Holliston, Mass., 1842. Pupil of W. T. Best and R. Radecke. Professor of organ at New England Cons., Boston.] Mass in C, op. 4; in F minor, op. 37; Magnificat, op. 25; cantatas: "The Tale of the Viking," op. 40; "Leonora," op. 42; Midnight Cantata, op. 43; "Henry of Navarre," solo and male-voice chorus. Concert overture, "The Princess" (Tennyson); Prologue to Longfellow's "Golden Legend," op. 11. Suite for 'cello and pf., op. 32; grand sonata, pianoforte, op. 35. Music for organ, pianoforte; songs and part-songs. A more detailed list will be found in Brown's Dictionary, p. 615.
- WHITNEY, SAMUEL B. [Born at Woodstock, Vermont, June 4, 1842. Organist and professor in New England Cons. Boston.] Trio, pianoforte, and strings. Five settings of the *Te Deum*, and two of the communion service; Church music, and pieces for organ and pianoforte, songs, &c.

WOOLF, B. E. [Boston, Mass. Musical critic] Comic opera, "Pounce and Co.," produced at Boston, May, 1883.

Although the foregoing is the most extended presentation of American composers yet placed before English readers, I am fully sensible of its shortcomings and meagre outline. If, however, it should be instrumental in promoting the brotherly feeling now animating the musicians in the two countries, I shall be amply rewarded for the time and pains bestowed on its compilation. I could have added to the roll of American composers by inserting the names of foreigners now resident in the States, but that would have somewhat defeated my object, which was, as far as possible, to give an account of really native productions. I may here be allowed to mention the names of Leopold Damrosch (died, 1885), Edmund Neupert, Constantine Sternberg, Otto Singer, Louis Maas, who with others are now identified with American music. It would ill become me to omit the name of Eben Tourjee, who, although not a composer, so far as I have been able to ascertain, has, by his labours, given an immense impetus to the cause of music in America, more particularly by the establishment of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, in 1867. I should also refer to C. Zeunner, a German musician who settled in the States and was widely esteemed as a teacher.

Two features in the foregoing list deserve attention. The first points strongly to the fact that in music America "has no past." This remark was made by Mr. Lunn at the Conference of the N. S. P. M. in London. A century will more than cover the dates quoted, the great majority being included in the last half-century; while, with very few exceptions, all are living composers. The second point is the fact that most of them have received their education in Germany. It has been urged that American music has yet no distinctive character; these facts give the principal reason why it may be so. When America educates her own musicians, and when the various races making up her population have become welded into one, then the national style may be expected. It is much the same with us; our music is in great part a copy of that of our German instructors. I am a believer in nationality in music. Granted that emotion is its basis, and that feeling is everywhere the same, yet the mode of expression varies with the different races; each has its peculiar *cachet*, its idiom. But I am not so sure that American music has no individuality; the best way to prove it one way or other would be to bring some of it to a hearing. Who will lead the way? I am happy to be able to conclude with a piece of intelligence, which, though

of no immediate moment, will be highly gratifying to musicians in both countries, and should be an incentive to concert managers to act in a like manner. The attention of the Executive Committee of the Birmingham Musical Festival having been drawn to the subject of American music, an active member of that committee, Mr. Harding Milward, has, in the most courteous and generous manner, undertaken that an invitation shall be given to an American composer to write a work for the Festival of 1891. It is a far cry to that date; let others anticipate it, and remove what is no less than a reproach to us—our ignorance of the musical art-work of the great English-speaking peoples in the United States and Canada.

STEPHEN S. STRATTON.

BAYREUTH, AND ITS PARSIFAL REPRESENTATIONS.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF H. KRETZSCHMAR.)

IF nowadays anyone wishes to speak of Bayreuth, he may save himself and the reader any lengthy introduction. At the present time it is a positive difficulty to be ignorant of Bayreuth. Among the telegraph reports of our great political contemporaries the heading "Bayreuth" stands out in the same type as the names of the great centres of civilisation, side by side with London and Paris, Constantinople and Alexandria. A reader, only superficially scanning the daily papers, might easily imagine that this Bayreuth has something to do with the everlasting Eastern question, and this more particularly in the year 1876, when, during the progress of the Turco-Servian war, accounts from the Lower Danube occupied the same position as despatches from Bayreuth. Now, assuredly, Bayreuth is not identified with the Eastern question, but a semi-warlike character undoubtedly attaches to the spot, for Bayreuth forms the headquarters of an exceedingly militant part of the artistic world. It is the scene of much strife, though that but a wordy one, and on matters æsthetic and musical; and the stay in the town has much of the nature of military camp life, of bivouac with all its charms and sundry little inconveniences.

One of our most cultivated art historians—Riehl, of Munich—speaks somewhere of the "war history of opera," and certainly with the advent of Richard Wagner the history of the opera has entered upon one of its most warlike epochs. Its chief battles Wagner calls "Festival Plays," and the theatre of these Festival Plays is this very Bayreuth.

To explain circumstantially how and why it has been given to Bayreuth to achieve this destiny would lead us too far. That the place lends itself admirably to the purpose, is granted by all those who were present in the year 1876 at the representation of the first Festival Play, the "Ring der Nibelungen." And it may be said even more to have proved its fitness now when "Parsifal," called by Wagner a "Bühnenweihfestspiel," or Festival Drama, brings week by week several thousands of accessions to the native population.

The Germans fortunately are not obliged to seek for art only in the great centres of population. The history of German art, of German spiritual life, so to speak, is in many of its important phases almost like a village idyll; and some of the greatest master minds have lived and wrought in comparatively obscure places. Bayreuth itself was the residence of a poet, whom Germany counts as one of the most famous and highly original amongst her writers. Jean Paul spent here a goodly portion of his life. He preferred simple Bayreuth to the splendour of the great cities; here he found a congenial soil for the play of his wayward fancy, and here nothing and nobody disturbed him in his originality. He lived in Bayreuth and died there.

In contrast with another celebrated musician, Robert Schumann, who was passionately fond of the Bayreuth poet, Wagner leaves us in the dark as regards his feelings towards Jean Paul. But one thing he shares in common with the great humourist, and that is his love of Bayreuth. I hardly think that Jean Paul enjoyed the undivided love and esteem of his fellow-citizens in the same universal measure as did Richard Wagner, for to him every soul in Bayreuth felt himself linked by bonds of gratitude.

"If ten years ago," said a simple tradesman, a native of the place, "we happened to go into strange parts, never a one had heard of Bayreuth. If we said 'Bayreuth lies in the Fichtel Mountains,' they would ask 'but where on earth are your Fichtel Mountains?' But, nowadays Bayreuth is as well known as Nuremberg. Yes," so concluded our simple-minded friend, "Wagner is an excellent fellow, and even though everybody cannot quite follow his notions, yet he understands his business."

Proofs of the popularity of Wagner meet us on all sides in Bayreuth. Waiters and waitresses bear the names of his poetical creations, and even four-footed creatures form no exception to this custom. If Wagner, indeed, were to make use of all the various toilet articles and other useful objects which have been christened after him, he must be a man of universal requirements. And this visible cult of the poet-musician extends far beyond the precincts of the town itself. At the Lichtenfels station, for example, the waiting-room is decorated with a bust of Wagner, surrounded by evergreens.

How the Bayreuth folk follow the spiritual aspirations of Wagner with genuine sympathy, may be gathered from various signs. Even his agitation against vivisection has taken practical shape there, and as a

result we see the founding of a Vegetarian Society, which, during the Festival, offers a meeting-place and provides an orthodox dinner-table for "brethren" of like views. This is an event which has in it something of the phenomenal for a Bavarian town.

Of more importance and resounding still more to the honour of Bayreuth is the fact that Wagner, from the very beginning, here found appreciation of his stage reforms, and that the Corporation promptly declared themselves ready to make sacrifices for the erection of the Wagner Theatre, and actually did make sacrifices for that end. They presented a site, made a road, formed avenues and promenades, and in every way showed themselves ready and willing. The artist met with many large hearts in the little town, and soon saw himself surrounded by a circle of men ready to adopt his ideas and energetically to carry them out.

That the so-called "Wagner Community" has increased so considerably within the last decade, that so original an undertaking as the festivals in Bayreuth has already taken shape, is due in no small degree to the enthusiasm and energy of the faithful friends whom Wagner found in the place itself.

There must be a certain leaning towards art innate in the place, for the town was a former princely residence. Here were enthroned the Hohenzollerns, the nearest relatives of the Electors of Brandenburg and Kings of Prussia, and here they held a court, which in splendour, after the fashion of the times, rivalled the great model of Versailles. Wilhelmina, the favourite sister of Frederick the Great, was, as is well known, married to one of the Margraves of Bayreuth, and she has painted in lively colours, after her brightly discontented fashion, the life at the courts of Bayreuth and Ansbach. At that time Bayreuth offered everything that was considered necessary to represent, conformably to its rank, a great princely house. It also possessed an Italian opera. The theatre in which the operas are given was one of the largest and most splendid in all Germany. It is still preserved intact as regards its interior, and a visit to it offers material for interesting reflections and comparisons.

In the town and its neighbourhood many other stone witnesses still testify to the splendour of that bygone time. Hence date the great number of imposing buildings with their lovely balconies, hence date the stately castles and splendid court gardens. If you go through the Friedrichstrasse, you can completely forget that you live in the nine-

teenth century. On both sides of the street there stand the old town-houses of the ancient nobility, with their park walls and great entrance gates, cornices, window-shutters—everything has remained untouched, and at nightfall it seems as though at every moment the heavy folding-doors must swing back, and the gilt coaches, with servants in powder and wig, the horses' heads decked with plumes, must turn down the street one after the other, to take their occupants to their Serene Highnesses' court. In the Bayreuth suburb, St. George, you come upon a dry open space which rejoices in the name of "The Lake." As in other princely residences so also at Bayreuth, in the time of the Margraves, people were in the habit of collecting together all the water they could lay hold of, and it was there night naval actions by torchlight were fought and other nautical diversions took place. One of the most perfect monuments of that time is the pleasure palace of the "Hermitage," which lies close to Bayreuth, one of the most delightful structures in the rococo style that still exists; perhaps behind some others in daintiness, but absolutely unsurpassable in its harmonious adaptation to the vast and beautiful park in which it stands.

With the beginning of the Napoleonic wars the splendour of Bayreuth passed away. There is in reality nothing more melancholy than such-like old decayed princely residential towns. If for what they have lost they cannot find compensation in some vast undertaking, or by becoming converted into the centre of some great industry, they fade away like forsaken brides, and their life has nought but the few charms of tormenting reminiscences. For Bayreuth there came at last compensation through finding a prince in art to replace its lost Margrave. The *facile princeps* of modern opera, Richard Wagner, made his entry here in the year 1872, and on the anniversary of his birthday, the 22nd May, laid the foundation-stone of his new theatre. Wagner built for himself on the way to the "Hermitage" a villa, which even from its outside appearance arrests the attention of the passer-by from its peculiar character of simple distinction. On the farther wall a Sraffito shows the figure of Wotan, the hero of the "Ring der Nibelungen"; to his left stands the great vocalist, Schröder-Devrient; to his right, Frau Cosima Wagner, with the son of the composer, young Siegfried. The house bears the name "Wahnfried," and for the explanation of this remarkable word there is a special inscription, which runs: "Hier, wo mein Wähnen Frieden fand, Wahnfried sei dies Haus von mir genannt." ("Here, where my mind found peace, let this house be named by me Wahnfried.")

In the large garden, planted entirely with trees and ivy, long before his death, Wagner had already indicated the spot where his mortal remains should be (and now are) laid to rest.

The completion of the theatre was delayed so long as until the year 1876. Although the cost of building had been estimated at the comparatively small sum of 300,000 marks (about £15,000), yet some difficulty was experienced in raising this sum. Friends and patrons in Vienna had subscribed 100,000 gulden (about £10,000) to the Wagner enterprise. Then came the great financial crisis, and only 7,000 gulden (£700) were available for Bayreuth. A similar phenomenon was repeated everywhere, and it required the greatest efforts on the part of Wagner and his friends to prevent the idea which had been cherished for so many years by the poet-composer from remaining but an idea.

The artists selected for the first Festival repaired so early as the summer of the year '75 to Bayreuth, and there held rehearsals. The year which followed converted Bayreuth into a true Festival town, and its name was in everyone's mouth. The most interesting section of the festival period fell into the time of the later rehearsals. Different from now-a-days, no listeners were then permitted to be present at the rehearsals, and the festival audiences were nearly all genuine musicians and artists. You might easily have imagined that you were in more southern latitudes. Such a lively, motley throng the old Franconian town had not for a long time seen; the people lived out of doors, and far into the night men sat out in the streets.

The fame of Angermann's restaurant, to which everyone flocked, but in which not more than one-half could be accommodated, reached even to the American papers. Before the house and within the house a perfect gipsy-life came into vogue. The people had to sit upon barrels, and manage as best they could, and when at the conclusion of the rehearsals the actual audience arrived it became somewhat difficult for the modest town to satisfy the needs of the sudden influx of nations. There were sundry inconveniences and annoyances as regarded the matter of quarters and food, over which some of the visitors were pleased to raise a great outcry. But at the later festivals advantage has been taken of the experiences of 1876, and we can assure anyone who has a desire to be present at a representation of *Parsifal*, that, with reasonable requirements, he will find nothing wanting for his comfort. Bayreuth is no great city like Berlin, but it is quite a different place from Oberammergau, which at the time of the Passion Plays still receives its tens of thousands.

From the hill on which the Festival Theatre is built there is a beautiful view over the rich, well-wooded landscape, in the midst of which lies the Festival town. The theatre is about fifteen minutes' distance away from Bayreuth, and you can find it without any difficulty. Pilgrims continually flock thither, and when no plays are going on the restaurants round the theatre offer an agreeable place of resort. If we go a few steps higher we come to a splendid wood of oaks and beeches, from whence we can get many a lovely glimpse of meadow and mountain. But at the time when the performance begins—about three o'clock in the afternoon—the road streams with a mighty army of visitors, in carriages and on foot. Everyone, both stranger and native, likes to walk on the hill before the theatre, where one can have pass in review the interesting company which has assembled together to witness the Festival. Extravagant toilettes, handsome figures, and characteristic heads, interesting objects of all kinds, there give the eye food for reflection. The Festivals of 1876 were in this respect more remarkable than those of later years, when celebrities do not seem to arrive in regular galaxies. On that occasion the late Emperor William was present at a cycle of performances. Its visitors' list also offered a particular attraction, when, under the letter P, amongst the Peters and Pauls, there stood a certain Don Pedro; native place, Brazil; position, emperor; and His Imperial Highness occupied a place in the midst of the parquet with the general audience, though, usually, nobilities have their own place in the visitors' list, as well as elsewhere. Amongst the strangers present the musical element, as was to be expected, preponderated, without however, outnumbering the rest. And in the inner circle of these musicians the admirers and reverers of Wagner formed the majority. These are they who speak of the poet-musician by no other title than "Meister." The antipathy to this practice on the evening before the last Festival gave occasion to certain authors from Berlin, who were sitting at the banquetting-table together, to institute a fine of a mark (1s.), to be paid by anyone who suffered the word "Meister" to pass his lips.

The representation of "Parsifal" generally lasts from four o'clock until shortly after ten. Between the acts, however, there are such long pauses that everyone has an opportunity for recreation and refreshment.

Whoever knows Richard Wagner's "Lohengrin" will also be familiar with the name of "Parsifal," since in this earlier opera Parsifal is referred to as the father of Lohengrin and the keeper of the "Holy Grail."

Now who or what is this Grail? According to the belief of the middle ages, it is the cup made of a precious stone from which our Saviour administered the Last Supper—the cup in which, later on, His blood was received by Joseph of Arimathea, and which, conveyed by angels, was preserved in a temple in the far East. Here were assembled for the service of the Holy Grail a band of chosen knights who, at its command and under its protection, performed noble deeds. The Grail provided them daily with food and drink, which caused the knights to remain young and immortal. Good Friday was the principal holy-day in the Castle of the Grail; on that day there came a dove from Heaven, and brought the sacred water, by means of which the virtue of the holy vessel was renewed for another year. The Knights of the Grail had to submit themselves to certain rules, amongst other things to celibacy: only the King of the Grail might have a wife.

In this legend monasticism and chivalry evidently find a common apotheosis, and from the importance which these two powers possessed in the middle ages it is but natural that the legend of the Grail exercised great influence, and that professed poets seized upon it, embellished and enlarged it, or decomposed it into its separate parts.

A whole cycle of legends gathers round the Holy Grail; its individual knights became the heroes of separate poems, and especially the fate and the deeds of its kings offered inexhaustible material for poetical narrative.

Amongst these kings but one has had the good fortune to be sung by one whom Friedrich von Schlegel has called the greatest poet in Germany. This king is Parcival, and the Homer who sang his fame was Wolfram von Eschenbach.

Wolfram, born in the district of Ansbach, and consequently almost a Bayreuther, lived at the beginning of the thirteenth century. The exact date of his birth is as little known as is the day of his death. His chief work is the "Parcival," a poem of about 24,000 stanzas which, thanks to Karl Simrock, who has rendered it into modern German, is accessible to everyone. Its purport, given in one short sentence, runs—how Parcival came to be King of the Grail.

Wolfram describes the life of Parcival from his earliest infancy. His father, Gamuret, whose adventures are likewise recounted, died before Parcival was born, and his mother, Herzeloyde, brings up the boy in complete seclusion, so that he may by no means become a knight. But the blood which runs in his veins is stronger than the will of his mother, and one day the carefully-guarded, inexperienced youth goes forth into

the world, encounters the usual knightly adventures, presents himself at this castle gate and the other, as, for instance, at the court of King Arthur, and finally in his wanderings he attains to the Castle of the Grail. In this castle at that time Amfortas, the king, lies prostrate from a wound which he has received in punishment for a sin committed long ago. Recovery is promised him if a stranger should inquire after his sufferings sympathetically. But Percival, who has learnt from his teacher, Gurnemanz, that a knight should ask as few questions as possible, questions not, and thereby prevents Amfortas from being healed and himself from attaining high honour, for on the inquiring stranger was to have been bestowed the royal dignity of the Grail.

This sin of omission brings yet other evil consequences for Percival, which force him into knight-errantry for many a long year. In the course of time, however, an inward change comes over him; from a wild defiant knight, he becomes a pious man, who bows to God's decrees. He now adds to the advantages of physical strength and bravery a greatness of soul and a purified and matured character; and now the messenger of the Grail, who before had cursed him, again appears, and announces to him that he is chosen to be the King of the Grail. At the same time, his wife Kondmiramues, with her twin sons, born during the absence of Percival, has sought him out, and with her he now makes his entrance into the Gralsburg.

Wolfram, in his "Percival," not only far excels the poetry of his contemporaries in the vividness of his descriptions and the lyrical traits with which he knows how to endow his persons and events, but above all in this—that he has interwoven, within the garland of adventure, of which his Epos consists, a grand ethical idea. This consists in the development of his hero from a man of mere knightly routine into a morally free and noble man. Richard Wagner has entered into this idea; the question, the sympathetic question of Wolfram's Percival, Wagner calls "Compassion," and this he makes the pivot of his drama "Parsifal."

The story of Wagner's "Parsifal" is substantially the same as we have just indicated it from Wolfram's Epos. Wagner, of course, had to simplify the material, and could make comparatively little use of the rich store of heroic deeds which Wolfram's Percival performs. And the large circle of acquaintances and friends associated with Parsifal in the Epos were of necessity reduced to a smaller number in the drama.

The dramatist has preserved in the main the character of Percival,

just as the writer of the Epos had created it. Thus, Wagner's Parsifal is the same inexperienced, immaculate, kind-hearted, and bold youth that Wolfram had painted. Wagner attaches so much importance to the point of his inexperience and foolishness, that he even allows it to influence his method of spelling the name of his hero. In opposition to all philologists, who declare "Parcival" to be the one correct mode, Wagner has adopted the Variante "Parsifal" first propounded by Görres, which according to the Persian signifies "pure or guileless fool."

Wagner has been obliged not only to simplify and abridge, but also, in order to bring about sufficient in the way of conflict and contrast for the drama, to re-model considerably the material available from Wolfram and other sources. The most substantial of these alterations consists in making the Knight Klingsor, who in Wolfram only plays a very subordinate part, occupy the foreground. This Klingsor, according to Wolfram a harmless Original, who in his remote and secluded castle carries on all sorts of uncanny deviltries, with Wagner becomes a dangerous foe to the Grail. His castle and that of the Grail are as antagonistic as heaven and hell, and it is whilst a great conflict is raging between Klingsor and the Knights of the Grail that Parsifal makes his appearance on the scene. Klingsor's army consists of women of diabolical beauty, who ensnare the Knights of the Grail, and lead them, one after the other, into the power of the sorcerer. It was also in the garden of Klingsor that Amfortas, the King of the Grail, received his wound. Klingsor's star is distinctly in the ascendant, and Graildom is bound to perish if Parsifal also succumbs to the power of seduction. Against him, the doughty champion of the Grail, Klingsor calls up Kundry. This Kundry, according to Wolfram, is a simple messenger of the Grail, but, according to Wagner, a being of two natures: in the first act she belongs to the Grail, in the second to Klingsor. But Parsifal withstands her by the power of compassion, which in the moment of temptation causes to arise before his mind the image of Amfortas, who, in like case, once fell, and now suffers. And thus Wagner makes Parsifal become King of the Grail.

The action in the musical drama is divided between the successive acts in the following manner: In the first Parsifal arrives in the region of the Holy Grail, and is present at a celebration of the love-feast at the Castle. He is visibly untouched by the scene and by the sufferings of Amfortas, and in consequence is put forth out of the castle.

The second act shows the enchanted Castle of Klingsor. When Kundry's arts here rebound powerless from Parsifal, Klingsor appears

and hurls at him a spear. This spear is one of the sacred relics of the Grail which was lost by Amfortas to Klingsor when, on the very same spot on which Parsifal now stands, the king yielded to the intoxication of the senses. Parsifal is not hurt by the spear, but seizes it and makes the sign of the cross against Klingsor, whereupon the whole of the magic castle and its surroundings fall to pieces with a crash.

The third act leads us back to the Castle of the Grail. Years have passed away, and utter ruin threatens the Grail knights; for Amfortas, in order to bring about his own death, has not once again unveiled the cup since the day when Parsifal witnessed the celebration of the Holy Supper. Then Parsifal returns, is recognised and led to the castle, where he is anointed king, and enters upon the duties of the office by healing and redeeming Amfortas, and again unveiling the cup.

This is in its main features the contents of the Wagner "*Parsifal*." Out of the originally but slightly dramatic material Wagner has constructed a highly dramatic poem which, together with some strange and incomprehensible situations, show many great and remarkable features.

The music strongly accentuates individual portions of the work. Notably is this the case in the two scenes of the celebration of the Last Supper, and the so-called scene of the "*Flower Maidens*" in the second act. In this latter Wagner has not rested content with the imposing apparatus of soloists, orchestra, and a triple choir, but he has accompanied these with a ring of bells, which at the first representation happened to be very much out of tune. The scene of the *Flower Maidens* leads to the dramatically-powerful situation where Parsifal is to be seduced. In dramatic movement and sensual charm this is the strongest part of the whole work, and its contrivance and representation excite the undivided astonishment of all beholders. Besides these two principal points, there is a series of purely lyrical phases which fascinate by the beauty and character of the music. Amongst these must be reckoned the so-called "*Flower Meadow*" of the third act, a purely idyllic intermezzo for the orchestra, during which Parsifal expresses his delight in the witching charm of the splendid landscape in all the freshness of spring. And related to it in kind and effect are the passages where Kundry speaks to Parsifal of his mother, where the swan killed by Parsifal is being wailed over, and the more elaborate instrumental phrases where the sick king, Amfortas is borne through the wood for his morning bath.

In pure recitative the "*Parsifal*" is inferior to Wagner's latest

musical drama, and the "Leitmotives," so important to his system, figure here, more than in his early period, as a sort of outside mechanism; they remain a mere framework, and with the development of the action are themselves developed but little organically.

One thing we can safely affirm—that a representation of "Parsifal" offers much that is interesting for everyone, whatever opinions he may hold as to Richard Wagner and his artistic tendencies. The putting of the work on the stage and its whole representation deserve unqualified admiration. The scenic pictures are amongst the most original in style, and the most beautiful with which the history of musical drama is acquainted, and the performance of the orchestral parts by the Munich Court Chapel, under the direction of Hermann Levi, is carried out in praiseworthy fashion.* For the orchestra, as well as the singers, relays are provided; the most important parts are associated with three exponents, artists of renown, such as Frau Materna, Fraulein Brandt, Herr Hill, and Herr Scaria,† and for the minor parts artists of no less rank than Herr Kindermann are engaged. We repeat that there is much to interest and to charm all those who visit Bayreuth and its "Parsifal" representations.

MARIAN MILLAR.

* 1882. † Now dead.

OUR QUARTERLY REGISTER.

IN writing, recently, about the issue of Schumann's early letters I expressed a doubt as to the wisdom of giving to the public so much mere gossip having no real importance or value. There are many reasons forbidding the too wide unfolding of the inner life of the very best of men, and especially of those whose very genius excuses a certain one sidedness, which, if too much displayed, may grow just a little wearisome and repulsive. Their work blesses and enriches the world, drawing attention to the gifted worker, and exciting curiosity respecting him beyond those points of his life and character with which, properly, the public has anything to do. Such men should be carefully treated. I do not say that their lives should be curtained from our gaze. Most happily, musicians especially have very small cause to be ashamed of their heroes. Unselfish, unworldly, patiently absorbed in their work, and uncomplaining of the scantiness of recognition and reward which that work receives, the biographies of our greatest artists are generally records of a simplicity of character, a steadiness of pursuit, and a disdain of all gross pleasure and idle indulgence that could not fail to win the admiration of all candid critics. But the gentlest of men will have moments of complaining; the most cheerful must sometimes despond; the brightest occasionally grow dim and heavy. Few could relish the thought that every hastily-scribbled fancy would, sometime, be disclosed to an unsympathetic audience; their momentary misgiving and repining be proclaimed aloud and preserved in undying words. And the inevitable reaction which, in proportion to the restraint, necessitates the after unbending, must be regulated by the strength of the force dictating and requiring the rebound. To be caught up into the seventh heaven and to hear words that may not easily be uttered must endanger the equilibrium and stability of the firmest minds. Why need every wavering be chronicled, every weak word—so out of line with the customary self-reliance and faith—be told? To a man so opened to temptation by that special facility of excitement which we call "genius" now and then to break out in speech concerning his difficulties must be a doubly necessary safeguard and outlet. No one may always weigh his words: and to be called into account for every idle utterance, for every

momentary complaint, is a terrible punishment, and should not be inflicted simply because inquisitive people crave the amusement of searching his spirit, and discovering its little human inequalities.

But, occasionally, disclosures are made, the evils of which have some compensation. The glimpses into a man's nature, into his inner life and its difficulties, may be such as we have no real right to demand; but, unfair as the disclosure may be, it may throw a clearer light on that public work which he really intended for the world's service; it may enhance or lessen the influence of that work; or it may lead to a riper appreciation of the obstacles that lie in the path of all who, by endeavouring to run out of the beaten track, at their own detriment and heavy cost point out new paths and serve as pioneers of progress. Sometimes our gain, in studying biography, is not derived nearly so much from our consideration of the hero's struggles and achievements as from glimpses afforded us of someone else whom we learn more and more to understand and to admire.

This is the prominent thought that must occupy the mind of the reader of the two important volumes just published by Messrs. H. Grevel and Co., in which Dr. Hueffer has collected and admirably translated the correspondence of Wagner and Liszt extending from 1841 to 1861. The contrast of character in the two friends is most vividly portrayed in the more than 300 letters printed. The singular attractiveness of Liszt and his readiness to extend the helping hand to all earnest strugglers has often been recognised. But no one could peruse his letters to Wagner without warm admiration of his unselfish, patient, undeviating friendship. Liszt was the strong tree, round which Wagner clung with ivy-like tenacity; and, surely, often with obstructive grip. Ever cheerful, encouraging, and supporting, he seems never to have been wearied by the repining, the often childish complaints of one who seems to have been utterly incapable of managing his own affairs or of understanding the necessities of life's battle. Liszt's stability and disinterestedness in friendship are thoroughly proved and displayed in the letters before us.

On Wagner himself the light is not so pleasant. The records of the lives of many great musicians afford painful evidence of the evils that must arise from any member of a community disregarding the ordinary rules of society. Genius, without business capacity, or at least a fair amount of common sense, is the most dangerous endowment which a fairy godmother could bestow upon an unlucky mortal. It is vain to expect a bustling world to trouble itself to look after the interests of a

man who will not look after himself. It will only jostle him out of the way with, probably, some very rough elbowings.

But of all those unfortunates who have been enemies to none but themselves, Wagner appears the most unhappy. He was not—with all his vows to the contrary—sufficiently absorbed in his work to be careless of the world's applause; indeed, he was jealous of all those musicians who gained the favour of which, apparently, he thought himself the only just claimant. Yet he affected a lofty scorn of public opinion. He was constantly in terrible want of money; and not only accepted, but urgently demanded, it from Liszt's well-drained purse; yet he refused honourable offers in Europe and America. Seriously, and without apparent misgiving, he declares (vol. ii. p. 119): "It is not my business to earn money; but it is the business of my admirers to give me as much money as I want to do my work in a cheerful mood."

Upon occasion he could swallow his artistic fads as easily as his political fancies. Thus, rigidly as he generally denounced the performance of any incomplete version of his works, he "alone, being the composer, was able to separate a number of the most attractive vocal pieces from the whole (of *Lohengrin*), by means of rearranging and cutting them and writing an introduction and a close to them," and to offer them to Messrs. Härtel for publication.

He insisted upon the strictest attention to the minute alterations he was continually making in his works, and to his changes of orchestration. He took "great delight in the re-writing of the great Venus scene" in *Tannhäuser*; nevertheless, when he heard that Raff was remodelling an old work, he wrote: "Is there no LIFE in these people! Out of what can the artist create if he does not create *out of life*, and how can this life contain an artistically-productive essence unless it impels the artist continually to creations which correspond to life? Is this artificial remodelling of old motives of life real artistic creativeness? . . . It betrays no end of self-complacency, combined with poverty, if we try to prop up these earlier attempts. If Raff's opera, as you tell me, has pleased he ought to be satisfied: in any case he had a better reward than I had for my *Feen*, or my *Liebesverbot*, or for my *Rienzi*, of the revival of which I think so little that I should not permit it if it were contemplated anywhere." This was written in the September of 1852: how short-lived this determination was many letters in the second volume testify.

Even with respect to his exile from Germany this continual halting between two opinions showed itself strongly. His constant appeals to

Liszt to ask this and that potentate to intercede on his behalf would have wearied many a warm friend: yet the manner in which, in one of his later letters, he wrote about Germany is only the reiteration of an oft-expressed estimate of its musical state. "With real horror I think of Germany and of my future enterprises in that country. God forgive me, but I discover nothing but mean and miserable things, conceit and a pretence of solid work without any real foundation; half-heartedness in everything. I must confess that my treading once more upon German soil did not produce the slightest impression upon me, except in so far as I was astonished at the insipidity and impertinence of the language I had to listen to." Poor, unhappy man!

Messrs. Grevel and Co. publish, also, "*A Popular History of Music, &c., from St. Ambrose to Mozart*," profusely illustrated. Mr. James E. Matthew has produced a very readable work, containing quite as much information as is sought for by the vast majority of readers, and told in a straightforward, understandable manner. The work is very handsomely got up and highly commendable.

A full account has just been received of the annual convention of the Music Teachers' National Association held at Chicago, July 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th, by which it appears that the society is rapidly assuming most imposing dimensions. The meetings were attended by more than a thousand of the leading musicians from all parts of the United States, as well as by an important deputation from the Royal Society of Professional Musicians of Canada. During the four days discussions upon almost all topics connected with the progress and interests of Music were held; and varied programmes of advanced chamber music attacked: the evenings being devoted to the performance, before some 6,000 persons of the larger works selected by the programme committees, for the adequate rendering of which the celebrated orchestra of M. Theodore Thomas was engaged, and a choir of four hundred voices drilled. The whole arrangements of the festival appear to have been admirably superintended by the president, Herr Leckner, the indefatigable secretary, Dr. H. S. Perkins, and the numerous sectional committees. The kindest remembrances of his reception in England were expressed by M. Calixa Lavalée, together with the most friendly sympathy with the work of our own "*National Society of Professional Musicians*," to the conference of which, to be held at Cambridge in January next, a delegate was elected, who will assuredly be received with enthusiasm.

HAROLD ROGERS.

OLD ENGLISH VIOL-MUSIC.

I.

THE Hon. Roger North, Attorney-General to King James II., seemed to anticipate an inquiry into this subject. When his public career was closed by the deposition of his sovereign, and in melancholy retirement his mind turned back to the scenes of the brilliant and changeable past, it was upon the favourite pastime of his youth that his thoughts chiefly dwelt; and he penned that little manuscript entitled "*Memoirs of Musick*," which first saw the light of publicity in 1846. In its pages North described, from the standpoint of an educated amateur, all that he knew of the art of his period; but most fully he dwelt upon the condition of concerted instrumental music in England. It was in this branch of the subject he was most at home and had most to tell; for chamber music in his time had been a sport hotly pursued and zealously practised, and had even degenerated into a fashionable pastime. There was nothing that North, or his illustrious brother, or any other of the countless musical gentlemen of England, at that time desired better than to collect together in a miniature orchestra of strings with harpsichord or organ, and to weave their individual parts in the harmony of the whole score of some favourite piece of the period. There was nothing for North better to do, in the solitude and remoteness of age and retirement, than to let his thoughts linger lovingly on those past enjoyments, to tell in silence to his written page, for the benefit of those that came after, the ineffectual end and sum of them.

For North had not only to speak of the palmy days of instrumental art in England; he had, like old Mace, to lament over its premature decline and death. The regret of both of them was not inapt; nay, it was apter than they knew: for the branch of music whose fall they deplored has not, until this day, been fitly re-established in England. In their days music of all kinds had suffered reverse, for civil wars and sudden constitutional changes had brought great unsettlement to art and society; and the period immediately subsequent may best be described, if it takes any place in the history of art, as transitional. The

greatest of the ecclesiastical schoolmen, as well as the great instrumentalists, had departed, and had left no successors behind them; the classic names of Byrd and Gibbons and Tomkins—the last spokesmen in the great mediæval school of counterpoint—belonged to the past. Yet their place in the church was subsequently to be filled by fresh genius working on fresh lines of development. But no man came to take the place of Jenkins and his fellow-instrumentalists in popular estimation; no busy band of native composers ever wrote again for delighted connoisseurs of chamber music. The art indeed never again thrived in England. It was the great Italians, with Corelli to the fore, who later took up the threads of development in the direction of instrumental art, until it passed into the hands of the greater Germans, to be lifted by them to its present position, æsthetically powerful, perhaps, beyond all other branches in music. But we English have for two hundred years been content to be silent. English instrumental music has not been wanted, because it has not been practised; and, accordingly, it has not been written.

Regretful this makes us, as it made old North so long ago; yet, when we go to him for information on the subject, it is a little funny to find that he wears an almost deprecating air of apology in imparting it, as if all persons of sense and fashion (certainly not ourselves) would demand explanation of him for approaching a topic at once so antiquated and ill-timed. "It imparts not much," he timidly remarks, "to the state of the world, or the condition of humane life, to know the names and styles of those authors of musical composition whose performances gained to the nation the credit of excelling the Italians in all but the vocall; therefore the oblivion that is come over all is no great loss." (Here we must distinctly disclaim agreement with our friend; and as no handy note of dissent is used in print—there are plenty in speech—it is necessary to interrupt.) "But for curiosity, as other no less idle antiquities are courted" (almost as bad!), "any professor would be contented to know their names, and the characters and works. And much might be done that way, if there were means to come at some gentlemen's old collections, not yet rotten, where many of them are still delitescent, and there one might find some of Alfonso Ferrabosco, Coperario (*anglicæ* Cooper), Lupo, Mico, Est, and divers others, especially of one Mr. John Jenkins, whose musical works are more voluminous, and in the time more esteemed than all the rest, and now lye in the utmost contempt."

No: at one in heart with North as we are on the subject, as well as deeply indebted to him for his information, we have no wish to emulate his apologetic spirit in broaching it. We are not ashamed of speaking of a question that deeply interests us; we are rather ashamed that it has for very long been neglected, and has not ever yet been fully or adequately discussed. We feel some compunction that those works that made an indelible mark on the age for which they were written, have lain so long in unmerited contempt; and we are proud that the men who wrote them were our countrymen. We are eager to learn what sort of part-music for instruments it was that our forefathers in Tudor and early Stuart eras really did indite, that made them so celebrated and loved of their fellows.

Truly, indeed, "much might be done that way," that is, in examining, sifting, and summing up the historical value of early English instrumental writing in parts, if someone hereafter could be found with talent, leisure, and perseverance to do it; and the old collection of examples, which innocent Roger thought the only equipment necessary for the task, that even is "still deliquescent." None such at least exists to this day in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Before going further, it might be well to explain the presence there of this fine and neglected mass of old part-music for strings. It is, in fact, no intrinsic part of the great University Library, but was carried thither lately from the old Music School, where (previous to the removal of the examining bodies from the old schools to the spacious new schools in the High) it had lain and slowly accumulated.

The old Music School was one of the famous set built in the form of a quadrangle from Bodley's design, to replace the more ancient row of schools, which was the erection of Hokenorton, Abbot of Osney, in 1439. It was not merely a room in which musical exercises were from time to time written by candidates for an academic degree. It inherited the traditions of a time when the arts were actively taught and discoursed upon by the learned, each in its own particular school, and it long remained the centre for the musical life of Oxford, and a place of frequent resort for the music-loving members of the University. The terms of Dr. William Heather's bequest explain this. It was he who founded (or re-founded) a Choir of Music for Oxford University in 1626; but of his annual provision of £16 6s. 8d., only a moiety—£3—was devoted to the reading of a theory lecture on music that was to be delivered once a

term or oftener. The bulk was reserved as the stipend of a musical professor or master, whose duty it was to attend at the Music School on certain afternoons, and there to superintend weekly practices of vocal and instrumental part-music, in which all musical members of the University were free to join. This master was enjoined by the regulations to take with him two boys to the practice, that, in case no one should attend, lessons in three parts might still be performed. To fit the room for the purpose, Heather gave a harpsichord, a chest of viols, and music books, printed and manuscript; and these were placed in the charge of the music-master, who was bound to maintain them in repair, and replace strings at his own expense. The first master, appointed by Heather himself, was Mr. Nicholson, organist of Magdalen College, and his successor very often held the two offices jointly.

Amongst the music manuscripts thus bequeathed by Heather was a set of old English masses, which are of special note, as they form a very small residue of the bulk of pre-Reformation music now quite lost to us. They serve as an example of the skill of two or three of those composers whose names make so goodly a list—reaching thirty-nine—in Morley's Introduction (published 1597), and whom he thought worthy of quotation as authorities for the rules of the Science of Music that he laid down in this first popular grammar of the art. These early writers belonged to the "good old times," when men might be less earnest, but were more united in their faith; and Morley, to illustrate their strict sense of duty to their art, and to warn the scholar against dangerous license in consecutives, instances several amongst those honoured fathers in music "who never thought it greater sacrilege to spurne against the Image of a Saint, than to take two perfect cordes of one kind together." Very naturally their music—as illustrating and adorning the older ritual—disappeared before the avenging zeal of Protestantism, along with the saints' images they had been so simple as to reverence; for the new religionists desired not only the discontinuance of heretical practices, but would have all evidence of their prior existence stamped out, burnt, and destroyed from off the face of the earth. The tale of the visit paid by King Edward VI.'s commissioners to the great University Library at Oxford is a pitiable one, and perhaps explains the absence of all ancient exercises for degrees, which we know it was customary, from early in the 16th century, to leave in the hands of the proctors; and which took the form (at least in such instances as are quoted for us), of a *Kyrie* or an *Antiphon*, or some other well-established type of sacred music. We may

well be thankful to one William Forrest, a priest, who is said to have collected and saved this remnant of early English church music, which was afterwards secured by Heather; and we must acknowledge the services of Dr. Burney, who was the first to explore the treasure buried under well-nigh obsolete forms, and to score and arrange several of its numbers. It was a task whose difficulty can be well appreciated by all transcribers of the unbarred, unscored, and often unkeyed part-music of the past, in which the movable clef is of frequent occurrence; and for the doing of it (since there are so many things for the not doing of which we are forced to blame him) let us give him his due.

But we very much doubt whether these ancient and erudite pieces were ever made much use of on those Thursday afternoons, when Mr. Nicholson and his boys (no doubt little choristers from the chapel) and a miscellaneous company drew together in the school to make music in parts. We do not even know whether much company did resort thither, and the room got crowded with eager performers and listeners; or whether it often happened that "none other came," and the trio had disconsolately to while away the enforced hour by the singing of three-part lessons.

At any rate, by the time Charles II. came into his own again, matters of music had got into something of a muddle at the University—a state ascribed to the disturbances of the times—and it was pretty generally admitted that the music school, as well as the monarchy, wanted restoration. The heads of the University began to stir themselves in 1665; but money had to be raised by public subscription, and it was ten years before the project was carried through, new books and instruments bought, stands fixed, portraits purchased and hung, and the place effectively done up as a concert room. It seems to have been then that the bulk of instrumental works with which we are concerned was acquired, either by purchase or gift. Hawkins copied into his history a memorandum of payments then made for improvements, which includes an item of £22 paid to Mr. Wood for eight sets of part-music for strings; two of them sets by Jenkins "for two, three, four, five, and six parts for organ and harpsicon," and six others by Lawes, Coperario, Brewer, and Orlando Gibbons. This in itself was a large addition to the using library at the school, but many other MS. volumes were undoubtedly given. Amongst these, self-evidently, were the three stout volumes of music for three viols—one part in each volume, which are bound in leather and fastened with green ties, and are now numbered in the

official catalogue MS. Mus. Sch., D 245-7. In each tome is the once owner's name, "William Iles, 1673," with a written notice below that "Mr. William Iles" gave these and other books—ten in all—to Dr. Fell, Dean of Christ Church, for the use of the public music school. The possessor of these volumes (was he related to Dr. Iles, Prebendary of Christ Church, who, with Dean Fell, withstood the visitors of the Parliament in 1647?) must have been an ardent admirer and player of viol music, to judge by their contents; or, more probably, he was but owner and successor to some previous collector, who slowly accumulated the compact mass of music therein inscribed. There is much miscellaneous music in them for two and three viols by Ferrabosco, Este, Morley, Byrd, Lupo, Colman, Coperario, and Jenkins, besides the complete set of nine fantasias published by Orlando Gibbons in his lifetime (reprinted for the Antiquarian Society under Dr. Rimbault's care), fantasias by Coperario, "Mr. Okar," and a set of fifteen by Thomas Tomkins.

But this is only one amongst many manuscripts, and the Bodleian collection of instrumental music, as it now stands, offers us samples of all the favourite composers in this class of music, and in all the species in which it was written; it allows us to add to Dr. Rimbault's addition of Este, Thomas Brewer, William Lawes, Dr. Rogers, Dr. Ch. Gibbons, John Kingston, and Valentine Oldys to Simpson's earlier enumeration (*Compendium of Practical Musick*, 1667) of Alfonso Ferrabosco, Coperario, Lupo, White, Ward, Mico, Dr. Colman, Mr. Jenkins, and Mr. Lock, the names of Morley, Th. Tomkins, Bowman, Okar, and Davis Mell, the celebrated violinist, as contributors to the string music of the past. It displays for the careful searcher and the historical critic a complete epitome of the instrumental art of chamber music in England, from its rise to its decline, starting with the time when it assumed importance as an individual branch, and was industriously penned and preserved.

Its earliest stages, of course, are a mystery. The roots of instrumental art, like all other things that grow, stretch deep down into the dark past; and ages probably passed away before there showed any actual signs of vitality and progress towards a blossom-time and fruition. If we could be told how long it was from the time that the first god-like creature (whom the Greeks called Apollo) drew music by the touch of stretched strings, or the half-human Pan blew through his simple reed, to the time when instrumental music first got noted, we should doubtless be as staggered as we are by those numbers geologists give us to roughly represent the slow changes of the earth's crust. Modern science would

have us think that life on our globe is much more ancient than was once supposed, and that all changes and developments occupied spaces of time that can be hardly measured by quick years—as an ocean cannot be counted by drops. But however long a time it took for man to invent and play upon the first rude instruments (and the myth of Pan seems to suggest that this was before he was quite developed himself), by the time the lantern of history began fitfully to illumine his doings, the elemental art was pretty far advanced. Already the exponent of it, the bard or the singer to an instrumental accompaniment, had acquired a position of distinct importance in the simple tribal community. His social status was high, the numbers of his class were sufficient to form a separate profession, which was scarcely second in honour and popularity to that of the warrior or knight. To be sure, he embraced in his person a good many present as well as a few past professions. He was a prophet in some sort, poet, historian, singer, as well as musician; and these functions combined gave his office, in early times at least, an almost sacred significance. But, by-and-by, when society became more civilised, and began to be more conscious of its needs, and to learn how better to satisfy them, the many roles assumed by the bard fell apart. The prophet left off poetising; the poet discovered he might write his verses down on parchment, instead of roaming the country over to recite them; the historian begged for a quiet retreat in the new-built monasteries, and there trimmed his quill and constructed his wondrous versions of the world's doings without. And so the musician was left with his fiddle or his flute, to win favour as best he might by the force of carolling voice or cunningly touched string alone. His social position dropped at once. He was no longer a man who showed in the first ranks of history; and we hear of him only in casual mention pretty deep down in the social strata. While the church diligently guarded the puling infancy of the art of music, and laid down rule and canon for its development—both constructive and obstructive—it was he, the minstrel, who kept music alive in the heart of the people. He expressed for common folk, by voice and string, the simple passions of joy or grief, of mirth or heaviness; he shook their hearts by tones that were fixed by no careful division of scale, grounded on no rule of science, but that sprang from impulse and the inspiration of love—the veritable note of nature, indeed, whether it comes from the throat of throble or the emotional heart of man.

The monk and the priest began to write down the church chant in certain fixed characters for the aid of untuneful and unheedful brethren,

and in the effort gained idea and coherence in the practice of his art: the minstrel or the gleeman was content to sing his song in the market-place, or twang his strings at the fair, without a thought beyond the hour or the hour's rhapsody. It was enough for him that folk crowded round him to listen, that his chanted rhymes checked their rude speech, or his spirited rhythms made the merry-makers at fair or feast lusty to dance. Without a note or record to show its progress, the secular branch of musical art developed as the unwritten inheritance of the people; popular dance and tune were handed on through generations of men by tradition alone.*

The first imperfect records of instrumental music in England are lost to us; all, indeed—if any such existed—that pre-dated the period when the schoolman stepped in and took the secular branch in hand. Some record in rough notes there surely must have been, for, already, before the Tudor era, the many instrumentalists were organised into bands or companies. These were waits and musicians who had an appointed place in corporate cities and in royal or noble courts; while strolling bodies of minstrels passed through the country side from one vast fair to another.

At any rate, when, in the sixteenth century, the unknown conditions in life and men's minds somehow proved favourable, and music burst forth into flame from the shell of a dry science, and spread like wildfire amongst the nations of western Europe, the art of playing upon instruments was by that time sufficiently advanced to share in the general movement upwards. The improved build of instruments had, without doubt, occupied men of ingenious mind for some time. The simpler stringed instruments of the past had given rise to many patterns; the nine-stringed lute was in use, the family of six-stringed viols of varying sizes and pitch; while keyed instruments on various models, such as the clavichord and virginals, were competing for favour for chamber use with the mightier church organ.

All these were in general use when the ecclesiastical schoolman discovered that there was music actually to be had outside the church and the schools, and that it might be worth his while to absorb some of it into his science. He began to perceive the miraculous charm of spontaneity as shown in secular song; and, consenting to embody some of its

*This stage of the art is maintained to this day by some of the peoples of Eastern Europe; and of their improvisations on stringed instruments Mr. Bantay Kingston gives us a graphic account in his "Music and Manners."

spirit into his own forms, brought about that union of spirit and form which created a definite art. More and more, as the song and tune of the minstrel—who was the spokesman of popular joy and mirth—gained ear amongst the learned, the art of counterpoint—dry bones of the mediæval schools—gained flesh and colour. The regular drone of part on part, of separate threads of sound mechanically manufactured, and with difficulty sustained or sung, began now to develop into manifold forms of part-writing—all of them fugal or imitative in germ, but becoming ever freer and more spontaneous in effect. The older polyphonic laws became adapted to new and secular types; the madrigal and canzonet breathed a feeling for beauty and æsthetic desire that had so far been wanting to learned music; and the church motet hastened to put on the new radiance that sound had acquired by contact with the outside world.

When once the branch of secular part-writing for voices in a learned and artistic form (as apart from the older catch-singing, which depended on ear and memory alone for the rendering) was once firmly established, and its method of performance learned with avidity by the world at large, it was not long before the schoolman began to try his hand upon part-writing for instruments. The connection between range of voices and range of viols was at once apparent—one, no doubt, had been founded upon the other: and it was very easy to see that when voices were wanting in a musical company, cunning hands could supply their places in the performance of a piece by the use of stringed instruments of varying pitch. In this way it was usual to inscribe the part-music of the reign of the first James as "*Apt for Viols and Voyces*," as was Orlando Gibbons' first published set of Madrigals and Motets in five parts. But by degrees—slow it is true—it was observed that while strings were but a feeble substitute for the voice, whose resonance they could not imitate, they had certain peculiarities of their own that might be worth developing in compositions specially devoted to them. Still, it is singular to notice—even with two centuries and more of progress at our back—how long it was before this road of escape and of progression was perceived by our forefathers, and how long viol compositions moved in the vocal fetters that first had bound them. The earliest music for the virginals that has come down to us, which may be examined in the rare little volume entitled "*Parthenia*," displays certain well-marked characteristics of its own, admirably adapted for the special instrument for which it was written. The powers and limitations of the

virginals are shown to be already in some sense understood and taken account of by the composer. He endeavoured to compensate for the feebly reverberating power of strings twanged by jacks by writing for it fuller accompaniments; by the use of graces, of nimble scale passages, of the frequently-inserted "Bebung"* or repeating touch, and by many little artful contrivances and inventions which tended to preserve continuity of tone and the interest of the listener. His very knowledge of his instrument's shortcomings led him to fresh fields of discovery. In short, music for the clavichord and virginals displayed at once a pure and well-defined instrumental form; while music for strings, set in motion by the smooth and nimble bow (possessing such latent capacity on the lines of beauty of tone and speed of execution) remained long simply imitative of voice productions. This want of ingenuity in the viol composer may be accounted for by the supposition that actual professors of the instrument were not learned enough to write for it, and that the learned men who did write for it very likely did not use it. Byrd, and Bull, and Gibbons, and those other men of ecclesiastical training who wrote music for the virginals, would find its keys easy of manipulation after their accustomed organs. They might delight in it, as a child does in a new toy, and would carefully sift its capabilities invent new tricks upon it, and so at once produce an original mode of utterance for it. These men wrote music for viols too, but it was severe and rigid in character, being, indeed, but an exercise in contrapuntal art.

When the schoolman first set about writing part-music specially designed for instruments he borrowed his type and title directly from church music. The first form of concerted instrumental composition known to us was named the "In nomine," after its vocal prototype, and like it was apparently built up on a fragment of the old church ritual that may originally have accompanied some such words as subsequently became fixed as the title of its species. A prolonged group of slow and equal notes occupied an inner part of the score as a *canto fermo* or "plain-song," while the other parts "descanted" upon this in a species of free or figured counterpoint. This strange relic of mediæval and barbaric art, so ill-suited for instruments, so impossible for the listener to fathom as to design or intention, survived until a late period; and

* This embellishment, which was a very effective one in the older instruments, though not possible of production on our modern pianoforte, is very frequently used in "Parthenia." The writer of the article "Bebung," in Grove's Dictionary, does not refer to these examples of its early appearance in English music, nor does Paner reprint the sign in his specimens of "Old-English Composers."

was essayed (probably as a proof of learning) by most instrumental writers of repute down to the time of the civil wars.

But the form of viol music most favoured by the early scholastic writer was the *Fantasia*. This name was never applied to any but instrumental compositions—pieces not supposed to be interchangeable with voices—and it is entitled to be considered, therefore, as a purely instrumental type. It is not so in fact, however. In its construction, though perhaps more closely allied to the sacred motet than the secular madrigal, it shows affinities to both, and distinctly displays its parentage in the vocal part-writing of the schools. It was sometimes written in the old church modes (which we have no reason to suppose were ever much in vogue amongst the old practical instrumentalists—the fiddler and the minstrel), and often displayed in its tonality undefined affinities to them, very unsatisfactory for modern ears to hear. It started with a well-defined phrase, which was, in fugal form, answered in the various parts later on.* Yet, in spite of clear opening, the composition missed coherence. The first phrase never came to a point of culmination or conclusion, but passed on into a series of imitative passages that were continued without pause, stay, or relief, until the end. Change, counter-subject, balance, contrast, were all wanting; while learning, ingenuity, persistence, only were present. No wonder North, when speaking of the older instrumental pieces, describes them as “a sort of harmonious murmur,” and as being “not unlike a confused singing of birds in a grove.”

The best-known examples of the *fantasia* are undoubtedly Orlando Gibbins' set of nine for viols, which were published in his lifetime and lately reprinted for the Musical Antiquarian Society, under the care of Dr. Rimbault. But many more, by many writers, remain to us in manuscript; and amongst them is a set by Thomas Tomkins, to be found in the folios numbered MS. Mus. Sch. D425-7, Bodleian Library. The

* Morley, in his Introduction, says: “We call that a Fuge, when one part beginneth and the other singeth the same, for some number of notes (which the first did sing).” If these were the scant rules for the construction of the fugues of the 16th century, our old *Fantasias* may be the earliest representatives of that family. In the catalogue given by Ward of Bull's MSS. for organ, which were apparently copied by a Flemish hand, occur the following numbers:—

“*Praeludium voor de fantasia.*”

“*Praeludium voor de fantasia quinti toni*,” followed by

“*Fantasia quinti toni.*”

Just as Bach, in later days, prefaced his fugues by preludes. These earliest forms of later well-developed types, as displayed in English compositions, are not without interest; and have perhaps been too much neglected by our musical analysts in their search after foreign examples.

commencement of one of these is given (a), as an example of this early species of composition, by a prominent and talented writer.*

But while the *In Nomine* and the *Fantasia* emanated from the schools, and were based on rigid rules of science, the most pregnant forms in instrumental composition were directly derived from the fiddler and the minstrel. It was the minstrel who furnished the folk song—sung in diatonic intervals—which, when the fashion of viol playing became pronounced, was speedily made use of in settings for instruments by men of learning like Morley. The part-music based on it is simple and melodious in character. The primitive chords struck down from a warm living melody, are more akin to the woof of modern harmony, than the warp of the old contrapuntal weavers. Feeling has, for the first time, place in composition; and the narrow exclusion of anything beyond learning, pure and simple, is no longer so apparent. As an example of this class of composition, a fragment b of one of Morley's songs for three viols is given. Simple though it is, its quaint pathos (derived no doubt from the melody on which it was founded), gives it, in contradistinction to the fossils of the schools, almost an emotional character.

But better even than this form, which, after all, was another though more harmonic species of adaptation, was the one the fiddler furnished to the scholar. This was the dance-tune, made of varying rhythm to accentuate the varying measure of foot-beats, which had been invented and used, and passed on by tradition through generations of fiddlers, for the dancers on village green and in noble court. This form it was, born of the instrument itself on which it was in later times developed, that proved it to be the germ of the greatest instrumental creations that man has up to this time achieved. While the forms invented by the mediæval school of polyphony—based on strict science, and exercising chiefly the inventive and calculating faculties of man—while they died a slow and lingering death, the form supplied by the jig, the round, the pavan, the galliard—grounded in ignorance, and springing first as an

* His biographers all do justice to Thomas Tomkins, who was the second and most distinguished of the trio of musician sons, born to the Rev. Thomas Tomkins, chanter and minor canon of Gloucester Cathedral; but I nowhere find any mention by them of his instrumental compositions. Rimbault does not name him amongst viol writers, in his notes to Gibbons' "Fantasies"; and neither Burney, nor Hawkins, nor the writer for Grove's Dictionary, adds any instrumental writing to the list of his known works, whether printed or manuscript. Is it possible that this set of fifteen *Fantasies* and "*In Nomines*" is a unique copy, which has hitherto been overlooked by musical historians? The MS. volumes of three parts music in which it reposes, are those already referred to as having been given to Dean Fell for the use of the performers at the Music School. That Tomkins' music was both practised and appreciated in Oxford (where he took his Mus.Bac. degree in 1607) we know, for Butler in his "*Principles of Music*," published 1636, speaks with delight of a piece by Tomkins he had heard performed in the Music School, which was written in the "Lyidian mood," and had for its subject David's lament over Absalom. Some of Tomkins' church music is preserved in manuscript in Oxford Colleges.

artless expression of joy and mirth—was destined to wax strong and to run a mighty career. From the time that it emerged from the unwritten uses of the people, and was adopted by the scholarly writer, down to this nineteenth century of ours, it has never ceased to expand and grow. Through all the decades between it has proved its power as a living, growing form; it has shown what an impulse of life must have existed in the first germs of a popular tune. First it came as a simple dance-tune; then an association of such tunes arranged in sequence by way of contrast; then the "suite," or old sonata; and then the symphony.* From the little air of a swinging rhythm—the strongly-marked pulsation of sound that the fiddler drew from his strings to draw the feet of the dancers—from this little beginning the thing grew and grew, until it became the mightiest emotional and intellectual vehicle that music in its purest form possesses: and it never ceased to grow until that day when Beethoven died, and, leaving his 10th symphony yet unnoted, closed, perhaps for ever, further progress in that direction.

How early its value as a type was discovered by the learned musician, and its blood-stirring rhythms were made use of for instrumental pieces not intended to be danced to, cannot be exactly told; but so early as the end of the sixteenth century the persistent use of these rhythms in instrumental compositions had suggested a grouping of them together by way of contrast of movement (still the word in use with us for parts of a symphony), as well as a certain sequence to be observed in that grouping. The schoolmen were already weaving them into a sort of artistic composition, and laying down simple rules for its construction. Morley, in his *Introduction*, gives probably the first professional advice on the subject; and that amiable and pedantic amateur, Charles Butler, M.A., follows him up in his *Principles* by the statement, "Of this sort" (Ionic mood) "are pavans, invented for a slow and soft kind of dancing, altogether in duple proportion. Unto which are framed galliards for more quick and nimble motion, always in triple proportion." These groups of tunes, alike in key, but varying in measure, appear very early in the instrumental music handed down to us; but their significance is often missed, because the copyist or printer gives no clue to their extent either by collective title or marginal division; but goes straight on with what may be the first tune of a fresh set.† The order

* See "Form" in vol. 2 of Dr. Hiles' "Grammar of Music" (Forsyth Bros.).

† An exception to the general want of precision indulged in by old copyists is to be found in MS. Mus. Sch. D 241, containing music by Rogers, Jenkins, Baltzar, and Bowman. A saraband of Dr. Rogers is directed "to bee played after the cour" (courante). But this MS., which is barred, is certainly of rather late date. Some marks of expression, previous to the influx of Italian words, are written in English, as "away," seeming to mean *accelerando*, and "drag" for *retardando*. In another MS. (F 564-67) is "slow" and "very slow," though there is also an "*Adagio*" inserted, I think, by a later pen. Why can we not now write English words on English music?

of them was by no means invariable; so that unless a change occurs in the few keys then in use it is difficult to know when the composer meant one set to end and another to begin. Byrd and Bull and Gibbons generally prefaced their galliards and pavans, their toccatas and courantes for organ and virginals by a prelude, which gives a very definite idea of commencement to a set. But the early writers for viols bound themselves to no strict sequence in their airs, courantes, allemands, and fancies of all sorts. These sets seem, indeed, to have borne no collective name in England for some time. Perhaps the comprehensive term *Fancy* covered them. North called them *Consorts*; Hawkins speaks of Dr. Gibbons' contribution to *Parthenia* (six pieces in all) as two *Lessons*. It was Jenkins who imported the title *Sonata*, when he published some of his sets in 1660, which was then in use in Italy; while Purcell and others later adopted the French term *Suite* for harpsichord compositions of the same class, and this name was afterwards rendered celebrated by the works of Handel and Bach.

As an example of an instrumental dance-tune in its detached form, an illustration (c) is here given, which is termed in the MS. "*An Almaine for two*," by "*Mr. Mell*." Two inner parts have been added, though the composer seemingly did not intend more than a duet for violin and bass viol. Davis Mell, we must suppose, was a man of more musical genius than learning. He is stated to have been a clockmaker, and probably took to violin playing, for which he became so celebrated, as a pastime before it became a profession with him. He was the most noted English performer of his time; and Antony à Wood, who heard him in Oxford in 1667, asserts that, in spite of Baltzar's marvellous facility on the old instrument then coming into fashion, "*Mell plaid sweeter*."*

(To be continued.)

* Besides the contemporary evidence of his reputation afforded by Wood and Aubrey, I have come across a reference to him by Evelyn, who notes in his diary, under date of August 1st, 1652, "Came old Jerome Lennier, of Greenwich, a man skilled in painting and music, and another rare musitian called Mell." Evelyn's artistic feeling, though he sought to know the best of all the arts, was more developed on the pictorial than the musical side; and this visit, which was paid to him when he had just returned from his foreign travels to settle at Sayes Court, seems to have turned upon the purchase of pictures; for Evelyn immediately goes to inspect Lanier's collection, some of which had apparently formed part of the gallery of the lately beheaded king. Whether the gentleman asked for and enjoyed a proof of the "*rare musitian's*" skill is not mentioned.

THE BEGINNING OF N^o 7. OF TOMKINS' "FANTASIAS."

A

&c.

THE FIRST PART OF "SEE MYNE OWN SWEET JEWELL"

ONE OF MORLEY'S SONGS FOR 3 VIOLS.

B

The musical score is written for three violins, indicated by the 'B' (B-flat) key signature. It consists of three systems of three staves each. The notation is in a historical style, featuring various note values and accidentals. The first system shows the beginning of the piece. The second system continues the melody. The third system concludes with a double bar line and the instruction '&c.' (et cetera), suggesting the piece continues beyond what is shown on this page.

"AN ALMAINE FOR TWO."

MR. MELL.

C

(b)

In the M.S. only the highest and lowest parts of the above are given: the two inner parts have been added by the Editor.



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EVERY teacher of the pianoforte knows the difficulty which children have in remembering the names of the notes on the treble and bass staves, and their places on the keyboard.

Why the lowest line of one stave should be called E, and the corresponding line of the other stave named G, what particular E or G is thus written, and why any E or G should be so prominently placed, whereas the exercises first played do not seem to assign to those sounds any special importance, are matters causing great doubt and frequent mistake.

But not only is the placing of the printed characters on the staves taught in a confused manner: the same want of system frequently attends the teaching of the various lengths of notes. Before any exercises in simple pulsation are practised—while the finding of a required note is still an anxious matter, and the action of the fingers very

irregular—probably the poor little victim is still further troubled with complicated divisions of time; being expected to play in correct proportion notes of several different lengths.

The exercises in this work are based upon the principle of learning only one thing at a time; and learning that one thing well. They attest the importance of the sound that lies in the centre of our system of notation. The pupil is shown that the open space between the two staves is the home of that "Middle C" which must (whatever mode of teaching may be adopted) be pointed out at the very first lesson; and must remain the best known landmark on the keyboard. Round that central note—as the musical point from which all other sounds radiate—the early exercises hover until the whole contents of the two staves are known. The chromatic notes, with their enharmonic variations of name and look, are introduced in such a manner as to rob them of all mystery. And, while practising the exercises, the student must be gradually strengthening that perception of the beauty of regular, periodic accentuation of which almost every human being has some idea, and which children are quick to realize and to delight in.

As regards both the acquirement of rudimentary knowledge and the development of digital dexterity the adoption of such a plan must effect a vast saving of labour. The objection which many people entertain to the study of the piano—that it absorbs so much time—is one that may be met only by a careful consideration of the aim of every lesson, and by a rigid adaptation of the means pursued to the end sought. It is folly to suppose that, in order to overcome some little special obstinacy of the muscles of the hand, it is necessary to wade through page after page of a spun-out "study." When a teacher knows his business he may prescribe a short phrase of two or three bars (so quickly read as, at once, to become useful), which, diligently and perseveringly played, must bring to the refractory fingers the desired nimbleness and freedom.

These exercises, scales, and arpeggios constitute a more than sufficient preparation for the attack of such works as are, in the lists issued by the National Society of Professional Musicians, prescribed for candidates for certificates of the first three or four grades. And the author is convinced that a similar system might, with very great advantage, be pursued by the most advanced students of piano playing.

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"Contrary to the usual custom among the writers of elementary works on harmony, &c., Dr. Hiles has not accepted previously enunciated theories as the basis upon which to construct his arguments. He has preferred to think the questions out for himself; and in very truth it must be said that he has succeeded in placing before the student a straightforward, logical, and reasonable plan. 'The laws of Harmony are deduced naturally and logically from the principle of consonance.' 'No maxim is held binding unless founded upon some natural law; and the illustrative examples (upwards of 400) have been written, not to show a few stereotyped, limitative modes of treatment, but to exhaust all the possible effects of the rules laid down.'

"Such is the plan which the author has chosen; and, it must be admitted, admirably and conscientiously carried out through the work. All is clear, plain, and to the purpose, forming as trusty a guide as it is possible to desire. In the face of so many theories of different character some of the principles may seem a little daring, but the boldness is that of confidence in the value of common sense. Dr. Hiles evidently does not acknowledge the connection between the laws of harmonics and the agreement of sounds which form the basis of harmony, for he states (p. 3) 'that harmony is founded on consonance, and has no sort of connection with or reliance upon the phenomena of harmonics. The harmonics of any note include many sounds that never are by a musician audibly and designedly combined with it; and, on the other hand, do not justify or account for even so frequently used a combination as its minor triad!'

"The truth of this statement is palpable. In the like quiet and confident manner the whole of the work is written, and as every position is made good and strengthened, the value of the treatise is thereby enhanced. The laws of dissonances are laid down with convincing authority. The rule relating to consecutive fifths is most clearly and, for the first time, lucidly stated. 'Consecutive fifths are more or less disagreeable, except where there is such an intimate connection between the different combinations that the root of one is the fifth of the other. Such a relationship exists between the triads of the tonic and of the dominant, and between the triads of the tonic and of the subdominant, so that the dependence of the two dominant harmonies upon the tonic, which forms their sole bond of union, is again strongly evidenced.'

"This disposes effectually, because more scientifically, of the hitherto propounded theory that consecutive fifths are objectionable, because they give the idea of 'two keys.'

"There are many other points in the work which are worthy of special note; and were it not that space is limited, some further quotations might be taken, to exhibit the excellent form in which the thoughts and expressions are set out. The book can be recommended with the utmost confidence as a reasonable and truthful exposition of the subject, perfectly consistent in its theories, even though it will be considered at variance with some already proposed schemes. For the reason that the notion of deriving harmonies from a mathematical source is not wholly tenable, but must of necessity admit of modification, many of the works on harmony have been constructed on fancy theories more or less reasonable, or the reverse. If the views of Dr. Hiles are not the conclusive truth of the whole matter, they are at all events stated in a manner which stands more favourably convincing, more 'four-square to the winds of heaven' than any yet proposed on the subject."—*Musical Record*, November, 1879.

"In this second volume of his 'Grammar of Music' Dr. Hiles shows quite as much independence of view as in the first. He rejects at the outset all those rules of the old contrapuntists which are not really observed by modern composers. The student, he says, 'should strive to exhibit in his contrapuntal writing a control of the immense resources of advanced harmony; and nothing would so hinder his progress in the higher branches of the art as a blind, unreasoning submission to the rules of former ages.' Such an obvious truth should not require to be urged at the present day; yet we can see that it is needed when we turn to Cherubini's 'Cours de Contrepoint et de Fugue,' and find that this great modern authority forbids the use in melody of the major and minor seventh, the major sixth, the diminished fifth, and the tritone. One example given by Dr. Hiles is specially constructed so as to show how the old rules may be broken at every accent, and almost at every pulse, without producing a bad effect. But, as these obsolete dogmas are still dear to examiners, Dr. Hiles includes them in his treatise for the benefit of any student who may happen to require them. The examples in this section of the work are numerous and interesting. They include the 'Old Hundredth' treated in a variety of ways, some extracts from already published works of Dr. Hiles, and from the compositions of Purcell, Bach, Mendelssohn, &c. Those from Beethoven's 'Studies' are singularly unlike in style to his musical compositions, and some of them are written in mediæval church modes. Dr. Hiles does not explain the peculiarities of these scales; which, indeed, have little interest nowadays for the musician, except when he finds them in an ecclesiastical subject or in a national melody which he

may have to harmonise. It is remarkable that many of these old subjects cannot be accompanied by chords in the massive style, while, on the other hand, the themes of modern music rarely have stamina enough to bear contrapuntal treatment. Yet several of the most noted composers of the day, as, for instance, Wagner and Brahms, have proved themselves masters of counterpoint. The student who wishes to have his part in the revival of this old, but ever necessary, branch of composition, will find much in Dr. Hiles' work to assist him. He will see that the object of the study is not to write under unnatural restrictions, nor to imitate an antiquated style, but to produce melodious part writing.

"The Section on Form commences with an analysis of Rhythm. Dr. Hiles does not approve of the modern method of barring, in which each bar is made to include as few notes as possible, and in which, therefore, the complete rhythmic measure may consist of three or four bars. The inconvenience of this method is, he thinks, particularly shown in the notation of waltzes, where four of the conventional bars go to make up a rhythmic measure. Many of the movements in Handel's oratorios, the 'Lacrymosa' of Mozart's 'Requiem,' and the slow movement of Beethoven's 'Pastoral Symphony' show the complete phrases noted as single bars. Modern editors have sometimes altered this method of barring, as in the chorus, 'And with His stripes,' supposing that the great number of notes in each bar rendered the music difficult to read.

"The combination of phrases into sentences is next dealt with; and then the minuet, the march, the rondo, and the sonata form are explained. Mention ought to have been made of the peculiar developments which the concerto and the overture have gone through. Lastly, the fugue is treated at some length, and a variety of examples of real and tonal answers are given. Dr. Hiles points out the close analogy which exists between the sections of the fugue and those of the sonata form, showing that the old masters already discerned those principles of construction which modern composers have worked out with so much beauty of detail.

"The great task which musical theorists have before them at present is to bring the old rules into agreement with the practice of modern composers, and to found their explanations on the demonstrated truths of science. The day of personal 'systems' has long passed away. Dr. Hiles' treatise seems to us one of the most successful efforts in this work of transformation."—*Musical Times*, October 1880.

"In a former notice of the first part of this excellent work, a description of its character and objects, and the points in which it differs or departs from the teaching ordinarily offered on the subject by old-fashioned masters, was given. It is not necessary now to repeat that which must be familiar to all who, interested in the subject, read the remarks. The present book takes up the work where the previous part ended, and carries the reader through the intricacies of part-writing or counterpoint in a manner which may be unreservedly commended for its common sense. The remarks, definitions, and explanations are terse, clear, honest, and to the purpose, convincing the reader that the author thoroughly knows his subject, has thought it all well out, and is therefore possessed of the power which comes of knowledge. He does not attempt to overload his teaching with needless verbiage, as is too often the case with those who write books upon a subject with which they are only imperfectly acquainted. One sentence from the pages may be quoted as offering a key to his style of writing, and a fair statement of the directness of purpose with which the subject is approached: 'It is most important that a young musician should, as early as possible, acquire that quickness of perception as to the relationship and tendencies of sounds which is essentially and characteristically modern. He should strive to exhibit in his contrapuntal writing a control of the immense resources of advanced harmony; and nothing would so hinder his progress in the higher branches of the art as a blind, unreasoning submission to the rules of former ages.' This will sufficiently indicate that the plan of the whole work is essentially modern, and is marked by a lively sympathy for recent thought. It may therefore be accepted with confidence as the guide and familiar friend of those students who desire to acquire the art of expressing their musical ideas in a living, and not in a fossilised, fashion.

"The like principles guide his directions as to the meaning, the use, and the construction of Form, which complete the present part. Did space permit, nothing would be more agreeable than to follow each section of this valuable contribution to art step by step, and to show why it is so inestimably valuable to students of to-day. Such a process would not be a greater recommendation than that which is offered in the few words written above, and which the reader can only interpret one way. Should there be any doubt concerning the value and utility of the work, the question could be solved in a very short time after each one who desired to judge for himself had made himself the happy possessor of a copy."—*Musical Record*, November, 1880.

"In almost every department of learning there has, during the last few years, been so thorough a recognition of the necessity of saving the time of the learner by a consistent and clear exposition of the subject taught, as practically to triple or quadruple the student's opportunities of acquiring knowledge.

"Even in the practical side of music very earnest endeavour has been made so to systematise the course of instruction of the young instrumentalist as to achieve the greatest possible result with the utmost economy of time.

"But, in teaching the construction of music, we to a great extent follow the dilatory, extra-vagant, loitering course of the ages before railways were invented.

"In our study of harmony few of us have not, at some period or other, been perplexed by the fragmentary, unconnected character of the rules advanced; by the want of some leading principle, and by the evident absurdity of the supposition that the natural—therefore immutable—laws of sound could be subject to any 'exception' or 'licence.'

"What a sore puzzle, too, was the so-called 'strict style'; with its few poverty-stricken, cold harmonies, its faulty treatment of the simplest dissonances, its false relations, and its unfathomable, impossible-to-be-understood difficulty about the use of an inverted fifth!

"Did any of us get out of our own early scholastic fetters without chafing at the waste of time of which we had been the victims, and without a contempt for the time of perplexities through which we had been condemned to wade?

Thus the want of some modernized, standard, authoritative book, in which the question of the relation of sounds (in its two phases of combined and of consecutive sounds) should be explained in a common-sense manner, divested of all fanciful, middle-age obscurity, has been so long and so generally felt, that any hesitation we may feel in calling attention to Dr. Henry Hiles' new work arises only from a conviction that long ere this most of those interested in the subject must have made themselves acquainted with a treatise which—because of its own intrinsic merits and the reputation of its author—will certainly attract a widespread attention.

"But those who have already looked through the 'Grammar of Music'—as the work is aptly titled—will be convinced that therein lies matter for very serious and earnest study.

"Our author discards all fanciful derivation of chords from privileged harmonic-generating roots—whether those roots be the tonic of a key, with its upper and under dominants, or the tonic and the second and fifth of its diatonic scale.

"According to Dr. Hiles, what—for want of a better name—is called the 'root' of a consonant triad, is simply that sound with which the other notes best agree, that foundation upon which the chord may be most firmly and sonorously built.

"In every inversion of a consonant triad a portion of the resonant power—as well as the agreement of the sounds—is lost: but, in both respects, the second inversion has an advantage over the first, and has more resemblance to the natural form of the chord.

"Thus the obscurity which has hitherto appertained to the use of the second inversion of a common chord is cleared away: and the difficulty is shown to be one of progression—not of combination—and, therefore, to belong to what may be called the contrapuntal side of harmony. It is, in fact, a question of consecutive or hidden fourths, and therefore is governed by laws entirely analogous to those guiding to the right use of consecutive or hidden fifths—of which those fourths are the inversions.

"Perhaps, with reference to the theory of music, nothing has recently been advanced more masterly than the simple, comprehensive, easily-remembered rule which regulates the use of consecutive fifths and their inversions. Had Dr. Hiles done nothing more than brush away the perplexity with which theorists have contrived to surround the subject of consecutive consonances, he would have deserved the gratitude of all students of harmony.

"But this is only one of the services which our author has rendered to musical science.

"Inevitably, the gradual advance of knowledge of harmony-principles has tended to enlarged notions of key-relationship. In olden time seven (or fewer) sounds, and the triads they formed, were supposed to exhaust the influence of one tonic. In fact, nicer gradations of pitch were scarcely recognized. Many of the musical instruments in use were so incomplete as not to afford them; and, just as nowadays the young rustic is with difficulty made to appreciate semi-tonal steps (except, perhaps, when they occur just as in the scale to which the village church bells have accustomed him,) so the nicer gradations of pitch were very slowly incorporated into the family of any tonic, and were admitted into the harmony system with the utmost timidity. Perhaps in no art so much as in music has an almost cowardly cleaving to old notions clogged all advance. And in the history of music we again and again read of the uproar with which any departure from old, arbitrary dogmas has been received; and of the fierce struggle against prejudice which innovation ever has had to fight.

"What a hard tussle for admission into the key-family of sounds major triads upon the second, third, and sixth of a scale have had!

"For how long a time the first inversion only of a certain triad was tolerated, under the title of a 'Neapolitan sixth'.

"The detestation with which the conservative theorists of the time received and denounced Beethoven's Overture to 'Prometheus,' and his first Symphony (each commencing with a minor seventh upon the tonic chord), is well remembered.

"The controversy concerning the opening of Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March,' rages to the present moment.

"What confidence had we, in our early studies in harmony, in the theory which was upset by the very first piece of music we took up?

"Dr. Hiles shows that all these disputed, and many other, chords are members of one key-family of harmonies; has used them and classified them; and has analysed and recorded their various tendencies.

"Modulation being recognised to be—not the introduction of one of the less-related notes of a chromatic scale, but such combinations or sequences of sounds as will entirely disturb the hold of the ear upon the old tonic, and fix it upon a new resting sound—numberless beautiful progressions are offered to the free use of the musician without subjecting him to the oft, and most ignorantly made, charge of restless tonality. For it is incontestable that, judged by the old notion of key-relationship and limit, modern music could not be justified. Either the limits of a key are far wider than is generally taught; or the necessity of tonal relationship is all humbug.

"In his treatment of dissonances, Dr. Hiles consistently and clearly follows the principles already advanced.

"As it is consonance that rules alike a chord and a key (or tribe of chords), so it is argued that any sound of the chromatic scale (or of any chromatic scale that could be invented) of any root in the key may be used upon that root without necessarily causing modulation; the disturbing influence of a remote chord being only slightly increased by the emphasis which is given to it by the addition of the member of its chromatic family.

"Some 150 examples clearly and convincingly demonstrate the truth of the simple rules given; and, as we think, so exhaust the subject as to leave nothing to be added by future writers.

"Again, the theory of pedal sounds is novel and striking. The very largest liberty in the selection of overlying harmonies is allowed; but it is declared that no such thing as an 'inverted' pedal does, or could, exist. Unquestionably many chords—all chords, if the progressions of the several parts be properly arranged—may be taken underneath their root-sounds: but the holding of a tonic or dominant over all the changing harmonies of the key is a very different matter. We think it may safely be asserted that the old theory of 'inverted pedals' cannot be upheld. Indeed, does not the very title mark its absurdity?

"But, who, among the bewildered students of our old books upon 'counterpoint'—as, totally

without 'point'; the art of part-writing is still called—will not be thankful for the real, logical system now placed before him!

"The art of part-writing—or of the interweaving of melodies of different characters is, for ever, robbed of the perplexity which (because of the notoriously unreal nature of the old rules) has hitherto obscured its study.

"Having fully mastered the laws regulating all combinations of sounds and the tendencies of dissonances, no freak rules for the progressions of florid parts (of whatever pattern) could be needed. Almost the only consideration is, what must be the effect of each dissonant sound? And that a knowledge of harmony tells us.

"Consequently, the different patterns of part-writing, or of combining several parts—each having its own character, and, by contrasting with its fellow parts, heightening the general effect—is treated in a novel and eminently practical manner; and not as a mere code of obsolete rules, which, although having no influence in the construction of modern music, is invested with some mysterious, magical charm, as initiating the student into the practice of a stricter style (!) of working; the so-called 'strict style' being founded upon the crudest notions of harmony, and the most timid and inconsistent use of discords.

"About a hundred and thirty examples of all kinds of counterpoint are given, and numerous references are made to works in which the student may find larger specimens. We think it may safely be asserted that our author has left little that is new, or interesting, to be added to this portion of his essay.

"It should be mentioned, however, that to the real rules of each species of part-writing are appended those obsolete dogmas for which—in most previous works—a kind of authority has half-apologetically, and most comically, been claimed; and which are still upheld in those antiquarian curiosities called 'examination papers.'

"Having analyzed the principles upon which sounds may be harmoniously combined, and upon which melodies should be constructed, having pointed out the various modes in which themes may be interwoven—in other words, having exhaustively treated all points connected with the pitch of sounds—Dr. Hiles turns to that other side of music, viz., the duration of sounds; and by dissecting all the classified forms of composition (or, rather, by building upon the simple principle of responsive, march-like pulses), deduces the laws of rhythmic swing, the punctuation of musical sentences, and the structural outline of all classical (or classified) musical forms.

"The originality of this portion of the 'Grammar' cannot be questioned, or overrated. Here, as elsewhere, everything is clearly stated, and amply illustrated.

"The musical language—like the literary—is mapped out by its dividing commas, semicolons, periods, and paragraphs; is punctuated by the more or less conclusive cadences, which coincide with the completion of its rhythmic. While each sentence is to be modelled in due proportion and balance, the whole composition is to have a logical, definite purpose. The interest of the chief themes, or texts, is to be intensified by all the resources of the art. The necessary intervals of comparative repose (afforded by the use of near-akin scales, &c.), the excitement of free modulation, the variety of contrast in rhythm, style, and instrumentation are all insisted upon."—*The Orchestra*, April, 1881.

"In no department of learning has there been more urgent need of thorough research, and unflinching honesty of purpose, than in the analysis of those laws of sound upon which all true music must be built. No text books have been so miserably behind the age as those professing to explain the construction of music. Based upon, and going but little beyond, the crudities of a period when the science of harmony was in its infancy, they have been wholly inadequate for the explanation of many of the chief beauties of advanced modern art. To quote from the book before us ('The Grammar of Music,' by Henry Hiles: Forsyth Brothers), 'so wedded are many theorists to old dogmas and crudities, that most perplexing attempts are made, first to condemn, and (when this is no longer possible) to explain as an irregularity which only consummate genius could authorize, any chord or passage not entirely agreeing with maxims invented when the sounds in use were almost confined to the seven notes of a diatonic scale, and the cadences and other progressions were of stereotyped form.' Dr. Hiles' 'Grammar' is the result of an earnest grappling with the subject by one evidently determined to search to the depths for his foundations, and to build up a system defying all cavil. The work is not an immature collection of unsupported rules, but a legitimate deduction from immutable natural laws. Our space will permit us only briefly to point out its peculiarly strong features. 1. The vexed question of consecutions is laid to rest, and the hitherto unexplained difficulty of the use of second inversions of consonant triads is shown to be governed by one simple principle. 2. 'False relation' is deprived of the obscurity hitherto surrounding it, and its different degrees of pungency classified. 3. Key relationship is analyzed, and the various tendencies of its constituent sounds and combinations pointed out. 4. The resolutions, or leanings, of dissonances are no longer confined to the limits of a few commonplace progressions, with the pet 'licences' of classical authors added, but are exhaustively extended to their utmost limits, and tabulated. 5. Counterpoint (or 'part-writing,' as Dr. Hiles prefers to call it) is treated from altogether a modern point of view, and the unanimity with which critics have extolled this portion of the 'Grammar' is striking evidence of the absurdity of the old rules and of the general yearning for some more sensible and consistent code. The concluding section of the work deals in an entirely novel manner with the question of 'Form,' or constructive outline. Starting from the law of pulsation, Dr. Hiles deduces step by step the formation and punctuation of phrases, sentences, paragraphs, and chapters, till the highest symphonic development of modern genius appears to spring naturally and systematically from the responsive rhythmic steps essential to the march of the simplest melody. The work is clearly and sometimes eloquently written. Forming the basis of the admirable lectures which its author delivers at the Owens College, it cannot fail to attract in Manchester, as it has already done in London, that attention which will suffice to effect a very desirable reformation in the teaching of the scientific scale of music."—*Manchester Guardian*, July 27th, 1881.

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"Every musician knows—however reluctantly he may acknowledge—that for, at least, the last hundred and fifty years, music has been written in absolute defiance of those maxims which many of our living teachers still feebly advocate; and for which they affect a mysterious reverence.

"So utterly has the whole code of rules of so-called "Counterpoint" shrunk behind the knowledge and requirements of the time that it is impossible to mention any other subject of study in which theory and practice are so thoroughly at variance.

"In one of the parts of the author's "Grammar of Music" (published in 1879 by Messrs. Forsey Bros.), an attempt was made to explain the principle of effective modern part-writing; the old maxim (still dear to compilers of examination papers) being briefly quoted at the end of the sections. Further consideration has convinced the author that it would have been fairer and kinder to young students not—even to so slight an extent—to aid in the perpetuation of dogmas so entirely antiquated.

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